

# The Sketch

No. 904.—Vol. LXX.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1910.

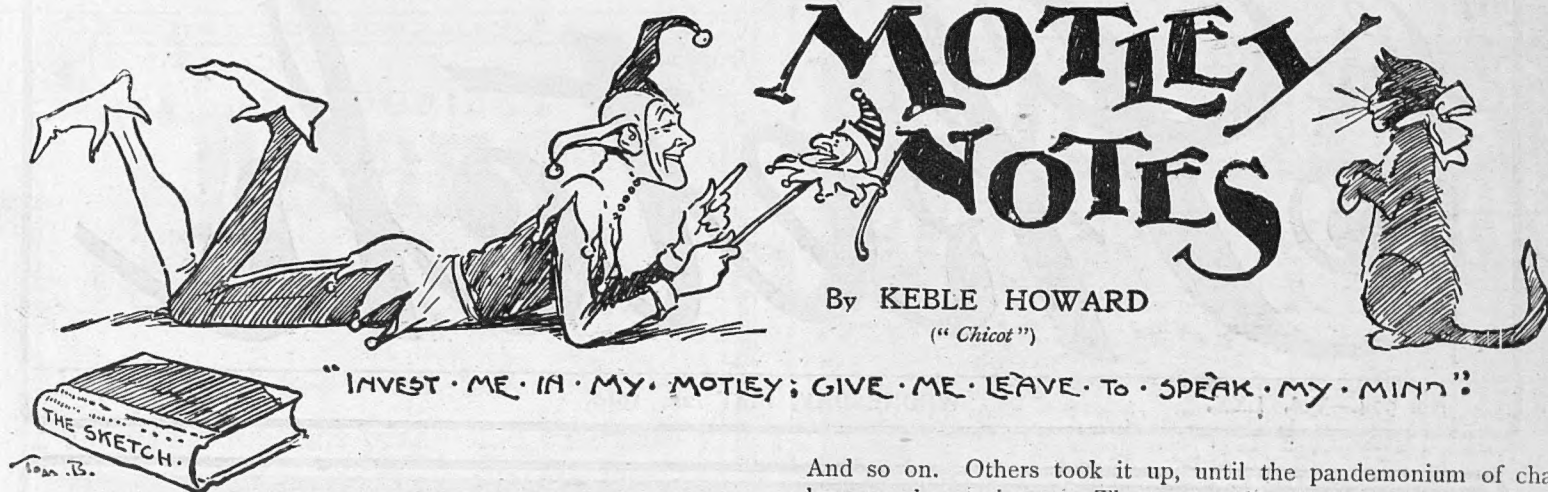
ONE SHILLING.



KING EDWARD'S CHIEF MOURNER—HIS MAJESTY THE KING AND THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

The King is wearing Admiral's uniform and British orders.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]





*Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten—as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.*

WRITING immediately after the death of King Edward VII., I said that the happenings, the changing emotions of the twenty-four hours immediately preceding that sad event would leave their mark upon the Londoner. I now feel that the solemnities of the past fortnight will leave their mark upon the whole nation. A household in mourning merits the sympathy and respect of the thoughtful; a town in mourning, such as that poor Whitehaven to-day, is tremendously saddening; but there is a cumulative effect of an Empire in mourning that must weigh upon the soul of every member of it. I am sure of one thing—that the death and funeral of our late King has done more than a hundred Coronation ceremonies, more than a thousand thanksgivings for victory in the field, to cement the bond of love between the Monarchy and the People. Not one of us of mature years but will think again and again in the days to come of the agony of the Queen Mother, the splendid, royal courage of King George V. and Queen Mary; the simple acceptance of destiny of the young Duke of Cornwall.

#### The Greatest Platitude.

Above and beyond all that, I think that the trial through which we have just passed will have its influence for good upon the individual character of the Englishman. I think it has made even the shallowest realise, more surely than any private loss, the uncertainty and brevity of life. I think that it has opened our hearts and broadened our sympathies. In the heat of the struggle, we are so apt to lose sight of the fact that we are struggling for so little, and can struggle for such a little while. We make the pathway of life unnecessarily hard for each other. Sympathy is beaten down by rivalry, natural kindness of heart gives way before the relentless onrush of envy. How soon it must all end! Is it worth while to disparage the work of the man who has happened to beat you, or, in your exultation, to hold up to ridicule the weaknesses and shortcomings of the man who has gone under? These, I know, are platitudes, but are we not, in our eagerness to show off our originality, too much afraid of platitudes? Birth and life are platitudes; death is the greatest platitude of all. Great as were the reigns of Queen Victoria and King Edward the Seventh, I believe that the reign of King George the Fifth will surpass them both if we will only take to heart the simple lesson of the last two weeks.

#### A London Crowd.

A London crowd—that childlike, irresponsible, serious, throbbing thing—will always be a London crowd, no matter what the occasion, no matter the real state of its feelings. I remember very well an incident of the funeral of the late Queen Victoria. I was at that time the Editor of this journal, and the Directors of *The Sketch* had secured the ground floor and first floor of a house along the route of the funeral procession for their artists, the editorial staff and the chief of the managing staff. It was a corner house, and the end of the side street was barred by a line of foot police supported by a mounted policeman. As the crowd thus held in check grew denser, a woman cried out that she could see nothing and would probably faint. The mounted policeman, taking pity on her, stooped down, put his arm about her, raised her up, and set her behind him on his horse. Some facetious rascal in the throng promptly yelled out, “Oh, I syc! Look at that! That’s a bit of allright—not arf!”

By KEBLE HOWARD  
(“ Chicot ”)

And so on. Others took it up, until the pandemonium of chaff became almost riotous. The mounted policeman tried to laugh it off, but the jeers were too much for him. Reluctantly, he was compelled to set his fair friend once again on the pavement.

#### The Lighter Side.

I took up my position for the Lying-in-State Procession last week at the end of Whitehall Place, in the very thick of the crowd. Two or three human touches attracted my attention. I trust they will not be out of place on this page to-day. Almost the first person I noticed was a very shabby, very old little man, who was trying to sell memorial cards at threepence apiece. His objurgation ran in this way—“Do not go home without one of these magnificent memorial cards, the very best on the market, and the only one accepted by King George the Fifth! Threepence apiece! If it’s good enough for King George the Fifth, it ought to be good enough for us! Do not on any account go home without one!” As the hour for the approach of the Procession drew nearer, he lowered his price and varied his patter a little. Thus: “Twopence apiece! The very best card on the market, and the only one that King George the Fifth considers worth the money! It will admit you to any society, including mine! You *shan’t* go home without one!”

#### A Device Worth Noting.

From where I stood it was impossible to see more of the Procession than the plumes of the mounted riders and the liveries of the coachmen and footmen. As I happen to be a few inches above the average height—an advantage in a crowd, though not an advantage in every way—you may imagine the disappointment of the majority of my neighbours. Their devices to overcome the difficulties were varied. One old gentleman, an artful person, had a small looking-glass, with a wire handle at the back of it. He fastened the glass, by means of the wire handle, to the ferrule of his umbrella, turned his back to the Procession, held the umbrella high above his head, and, I suppose, contrived to get an indistinct reflection of the moving show. He had evidently discussed the matter very carefully beforehand with his wife, for she, for her part, had a cracked hand-mirror, which she held above her head as high as she could. A young girl, observing these manœuvres, timidly opened her little wrist-bag, extracted a little gold-mounted glass, and held that up. But, alas! they must have been too far away, for the old gentleman and the old lady presently disappeared, and the young girl consoled herself by taking a tiny peep at her own little nose.

#### The Constable Off Duty.

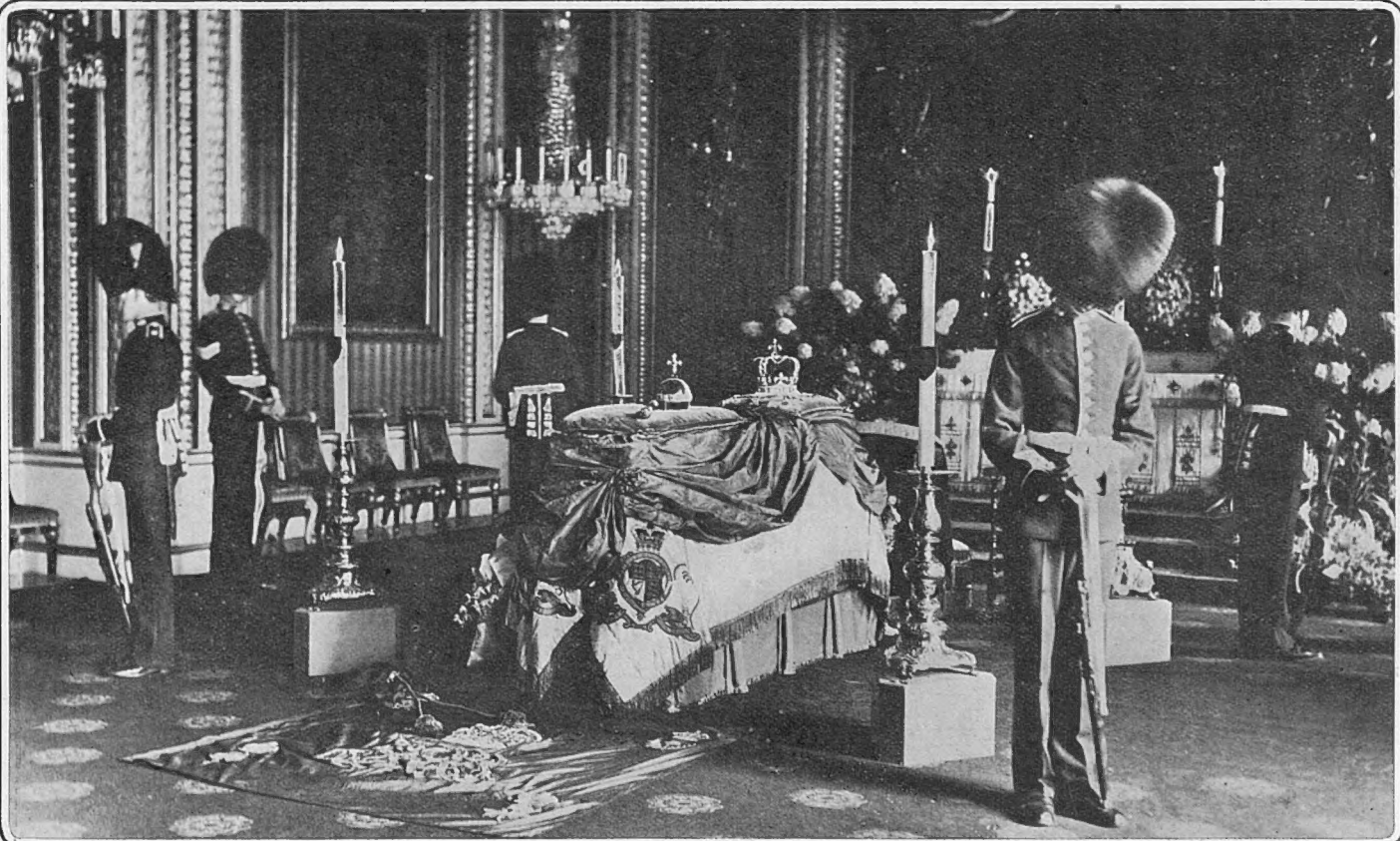
Another figure of interest to me was a constable in his own clothes. I do not mean a detective; he was a constable off duty taking a ’busman’s holiday. You could tell at a glance that he was a policeman. Apart from the fact that he was wearing the lower part of his uniform, as all policemen off duty seem to do, except on Sundays, he had the large fair moustache and the fat, good-natured face of the typical London “bobby.” “I can’t see nothing from here,” he said to a friend. “I might as well ’ave had me sleep out.” His friend was a very little man. “It’ll be all right fer me,” he explained. “When the Procession comes along, I shall jump up on yore back. I’ll be yer monkey.” “I’ll watch it as you ain’t nothing of the sort,” retorted the policeman. He was rewarded, though, for his loss of sleep when the crowd on the far side of the road broke through the cordon. He beamed delight. “They’re through over there!” he cried. “Look at ’em! There they go! After ’em, boys!” He was living many an old battle of the streets over again.



## KING EDWARD'S LYING-IN-STATE, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.



THE LYING-IN-STATE IN WESTMINSTER HALL: THE COFFIN GUARDED BY GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS AND YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*

THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE THRONE ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE COFFIN GUARDED BY GRENADIERS.

The private Lying-in-State was held in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace, where the coffin was guarded by Grenadiers, who stood with arms reversed and heads bowed. The strain of standing motionless for an hour told so heavily on the men that King George ordered a relief every half-hour. To this Lying-in-State only private friends of the late King were admitted. On Tuesday, May 16, the body was removed with stately ceremonial to Westminster Hall for the public Lying-in-state, during which the coffin was guarded by Gentlemen-at-Arms and Yeomen of the Guard.

*Photograph by W.G.P.*



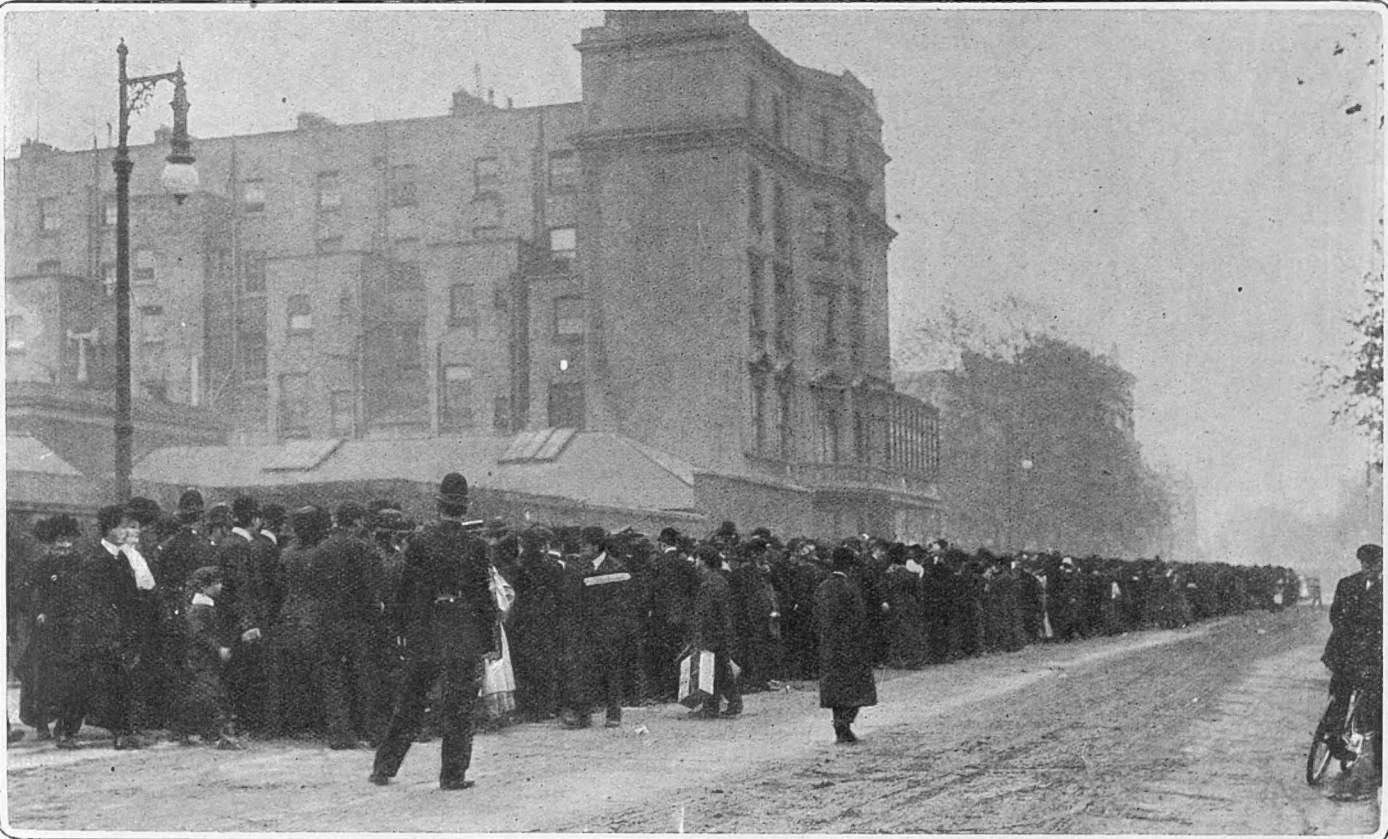
# THE NATION'S HOMAGE TO THE DEAD KING

## MILES OF MOURNERS WAITING TO ENTER WESTMINSTER HALL.



THE QUEUE ON THE EMBANKMENT OPPOSITE THE TATE GALLERY.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



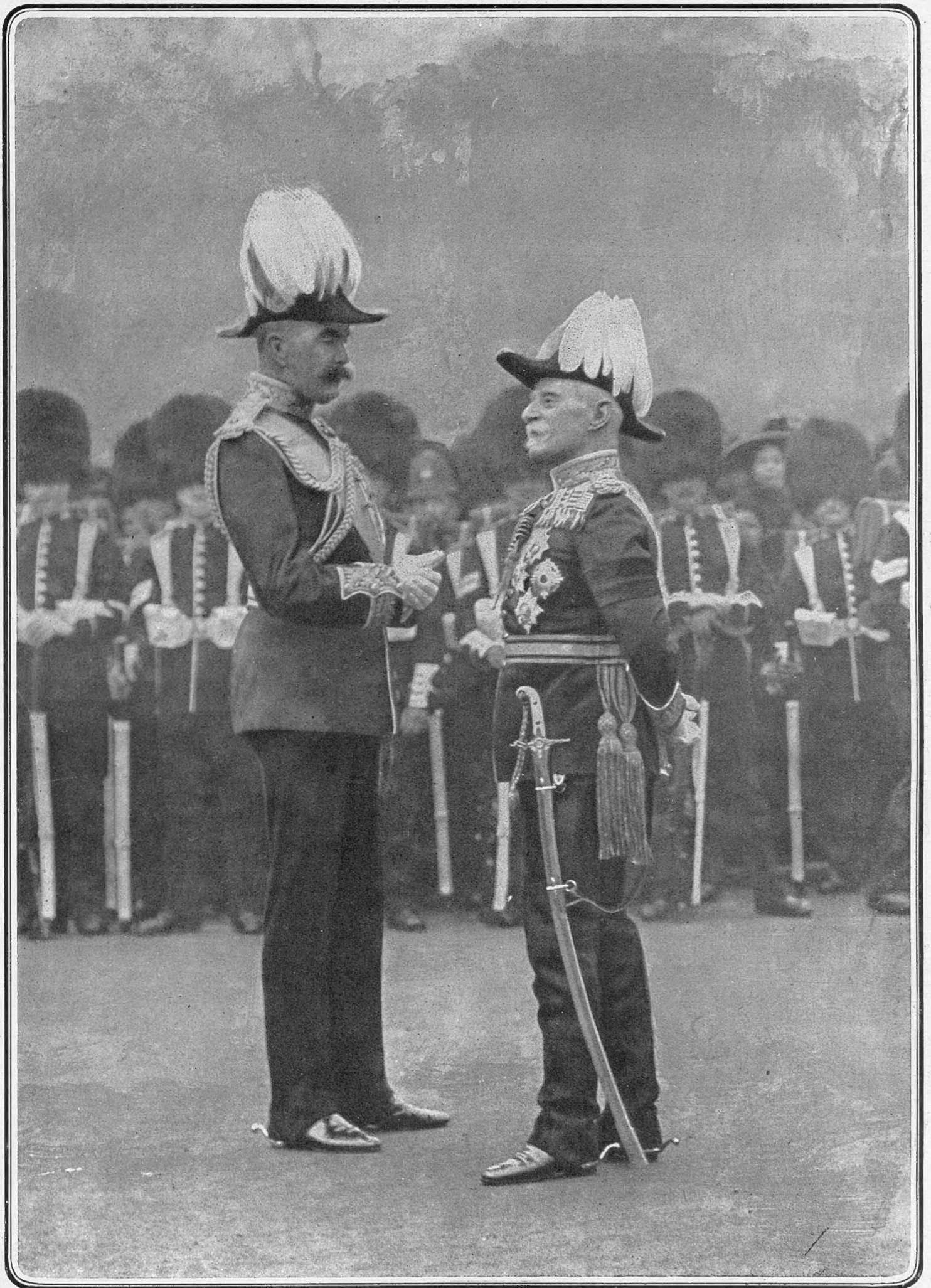
THE CROWD WAITING TO ENTER WESTMINSTER HALL.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of May 17 Westminster Hall was thrown open to the public, in order that they might witness the Lying-in-State of King Edward. The crowd was so tremendous that the queue extended along the Embankment as far as Albert Bridge.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



"K. OF K." AND "BOBS."



AN INTERESTING GROUP AT THE PROCESSION OF KING EDWARD'S REMAINS TO WESTMINSTER HALL ---  
LORD KITCHENER AND LORD ROBERTS.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



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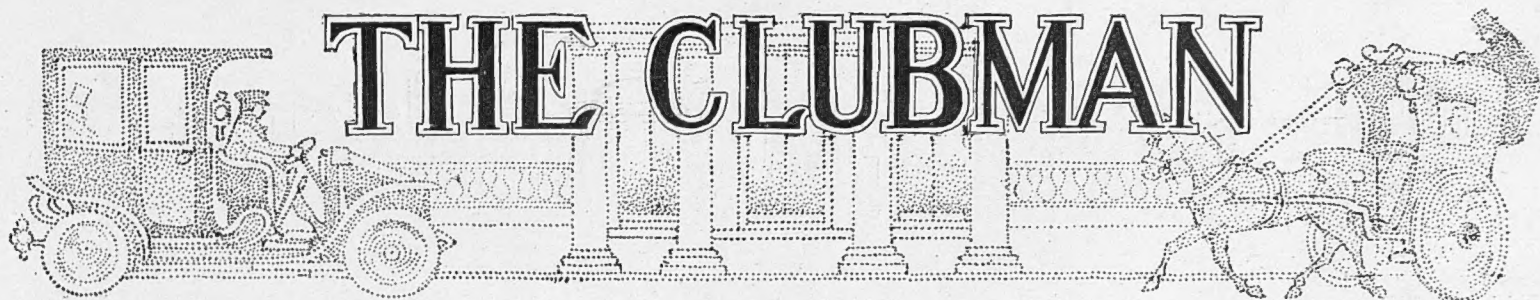
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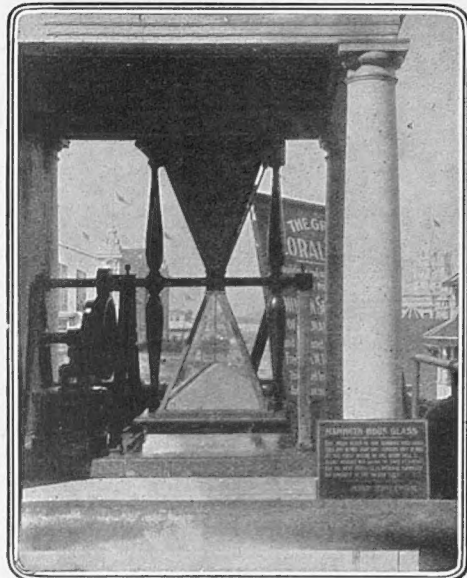
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**The Black Tie.** Some men I have noticed during the past fortnight wearing black ties as a sign of mourning when dressed in evening clothes. This is not the custom, for a white tie is also a mourning tie. A man when he wears his swallow-tail coat should never wear any tie but a white one. He indicates mourning by the absence of showy jewellery, by dark-coloured links, and by wearing a black waist-coat instead of a white one. There is no edict which sets these things forth, but whatever is the custom of the majority of men is the right thing to do. It has become the custom to wear a black tie and not a white one with a dinner jacket, and it has become the custom to wear a white tie and not a black one with the more formal evening dress. It has become the custom when dining in hotels for men to wear the dinner jacket, and a man can go from one end of the Continent to the other with a dinner jacket



SOMETHING LIKE AN HOUR-GLASS: THE BIGGEST EVER CONSTRUCTED.

The glass contains over 100 lbs. of sand. When the lower bulb is filled the frame turns over, and the process is reversed to mark the flight of another sixty minutes. So huge is this glass that the revolution is made by a hydraulic engine, shown on the left of the picture. The height of the glass is nearly 12 feet.

Photograph by Willey.

as his only evening coat if he does not expect to dine at embassies or private houses or to go to the opera. England is the one country in the world where it is customary for a man to put on a white tie and his evening coat of ceremony to go to a play.

#### The Plague of Noise.

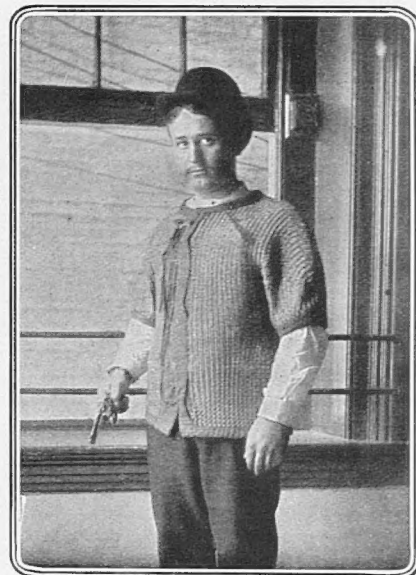
Some day soon we shall find a campaign organised against the plague of noise which devastates our streets. Fogs have been almost eliminated from

the list of our discomforts by the regulations made for the control of factory smoke. The noise of London is a nuisance only one degree less than the fogs were. When wood pavements were laid down and carriages and cabs were tyred with india-rubber, the noise of the streets lulled for a while, but with the advent of the cab-whistle, and the motor omnibus, and the horns sounded by the motor cabs, the inferno commenced again and has been crescendo ever since. The roar and clank of the motor omnibus is being to a certain extent subdued, and our reformers might now pay attention to the horns of the cabs and the whistles of the men in uniform. Some of the commissionaires in fancy raiment who stand outside the shops have whistles almost as powerful as those steam ones which call the workers into a factory.

They stand in the shelter of the doorway of a shop when a shower is in progress, and they blow this whistle with drum-shattering force into the ears of the passers-by. The motor cabs do not simply announce their approach by their horns, they try to frighten other vehicles and mere pedestrians out of their way in order that they shall not have to check their swift career. Some of them bark like dogs, some scream like infuriated peacocks, some chatter like gigantic apes.

#### The Remedy.

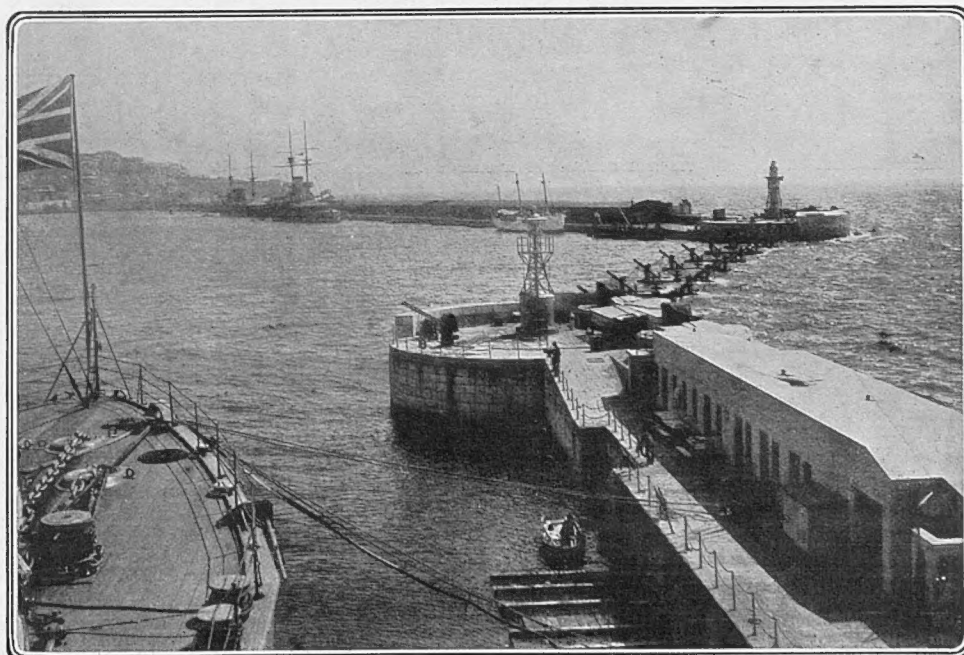
I would humbly suggest that anyone who blows a whistle for a cab should be obliged to go to the curb to do so, and that the sound made by motor vehicles to announce their approach should be such as not to interfere with the nerves of all people who use the streets. One line of motor omnibuses strike two notes of bells to announce their approach. These are quite pretty sounds, and serve their purpose just as well as discordant hoots. Some motor cars have bells and some have horns, the sound of which is a very deep note, both of which herald their coming satisfactorily and disturb nobody unnecessarily. If all motor cars were compelled to be musical and not discordant in proclaiming their whereabouts, fewer people would have to live away from London to obtain quiet than do so now, and the nerves of delicate ladies and invalids would not be racked by quite unnecessary and hideous noises.



WOOLLY-LOOKING, BUT BULLET-PROOF: A SAFETY JACKET.

The jacket looks like an ordinary woollen sweater, but it is really woven of several thicknesses of steel. A bullet shot at the wearer at 10 feet distance would be turned aside harmlessly. The wearer is an officer in a prison of Western America, and he uses the jacket for protection when he is on duty among desperate criminals.

Photograph by Willey.



THE KEY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE GIBRALTAR BOOM.

The boom is placed in position during the annual mobilisation. It consists of rafts from which steel torpedo nets are stretched below water.—[Photograph by G. P. U.]

#### A Get-at-able Athens.

The King of Greece drifting about the sea in a yacht with a broken shaft must have wished very heartily that his capital was connected by railway with the rest of Europe. Before very long he will be able to travel by train like other monarchs when they are in a hurry. The Turks have offered to connect Athens with Salonica by a railway running through the mountains, and the Greek Government has accepted the offer. The Greeks wanted a railway running along the coast, but the Young Turk statesmen look at all questions with the eyes of soldiers, and were not willing to build any line which could be destroyed by a ship of war. When the line is completed, tourists will descend on Athens in their thousands.



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## "The Dawn of a To-morrow."

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's new play at the Garrick has several purposes. One is to provide Miss Gertrude Elliott with a popular part. This purpose it achieves with complete success. It has been pointed out with some unanimity that Miss Elliott does not speak the accent of the East End as if born to it. That is most undoubtedly true; and it is also true that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett does not draw the East End as if she had really observed it. If she had observed it, she would not have put Miss Elliott in the foreground of her picture as a heroine from the slums. But, for all that, this is a very attractive heroine. She brings light into very foggy places. She is just the sort of person who might be expected to brush away cobwebs from the mind of a millionaire on the verge of suicide; and when Sir Oliver Holt, condemned by his doctors (with the exception of one who leaned towards the heresy of "faith-healing"), goes down with his pistol in his pocket to Apple Blossom Court and meets her, his cure is certain from the moment of their meeting. This introduces us to another of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's purposes. It is to show that disease can be cured by change of mental environment. But she does not trouble much about this purpose. Sir Oliver and his ailments soon drop into the background, and the third purpose comes upon the scene. This is to show how efficacious a thing is prayer. I am not sure that in achieving this purpose she is quite so successful. "Glad" (the joyous name of this radiant child of the gutter) prays often in her simple, materialistic way, and her prayers are answered with startling suddenness—her burglar-lover refrains from burglary, the police fail to catch him when he is "wanted" for murder, and a shocking young scoundrel, whose intentions towards "Glad" are of the worst description, behaves somewhat like a gentleman, and all these things happen because "Glad" has prayed. But, unless Mrs. Hodgson Burnett were present to see that everything turned out all right, I should not advise anybody placed in equally awkward situations to rely too entirely on the rules for conduct which she lays down. However, it is an effective play, of a type now out of date, and it contains some clever lines and two or three dramatic scenes, and Miss Gertrude Elliott has a part which suits her excellently, and all should be well.

"Chains." Matter for more serious consideration is to be found in "Chains," the play by Miss Elizabeth Baker, which was originally produced by the Play Actors, was then seen to be of quite unusual merit, and now has found its way into the repertory at the Duke of York's. Miss Baker aims at no effects of the theatre; she paints with faithfulness and sincerity the things she knows—the life of the humble clerk, the drawing-room of the retired plumber. She has in Miss

Hilda Trevelyan, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and Mr. Dennis Eadie (to say nothing of the other members of a brilliant cast, which includes Miss Florence Haydon, Miss Sybil Thorndike, Miss Dorothy Minto, and Mr. Arthur Whitby), players who always are absolutely and completely the persons whom they represent; and the result is a brilliant little play which, for all its defects, has moments of striking beauty and a rich fund of natural and unforced humour. Miss Baker too has a lesson to teach—the lesson that modern man, however much he may long for adventure, must stay at home and mind the wife and baby. In enforcing it she rather falls below the high standard which she sets to herself as an observer of life, for in so far as her play deals with the longings of the clerk to leave his desk and do things in the open air of the world it becomes somewhat unreal and a little far-fetched; but she preaches her doctrine with such restraint, and paints the surroundings of her people with such a single eye for truth, that she may

be forgiven for allowing two of her characters to speak what are her views rather than their own. She, too, has provided a part for an actress; for Miss Hilda Trevelyan is exactly the humble little wife of the thirty-shillings-a-week home, and plays with a sweet tenderness which is beyond all comparison beautiful. Equally fortunate is the play in the possession of Mr. Gwenn. There are many actors who could do a retired plumber in the bosom of his family on a Sunday afternoon with considerable effect; there are few who could make him so entirely human, so delightfully humorous, and so free from all suspicion of exaggeration as Mr. Gwenn. The plumber's wife is a small part, but

in it Miss Florence Haydon manages to contribute one of her inimitable little studies of foolish and kindly old ladies; and though Maggie, the wife's sister, is rather a curious young person, with her insistence upon her brother-in-law's duty to desert everything for a restless whim, Miss Sybil Thorndike makes her almost credible.

## "Hansel and Gretel."

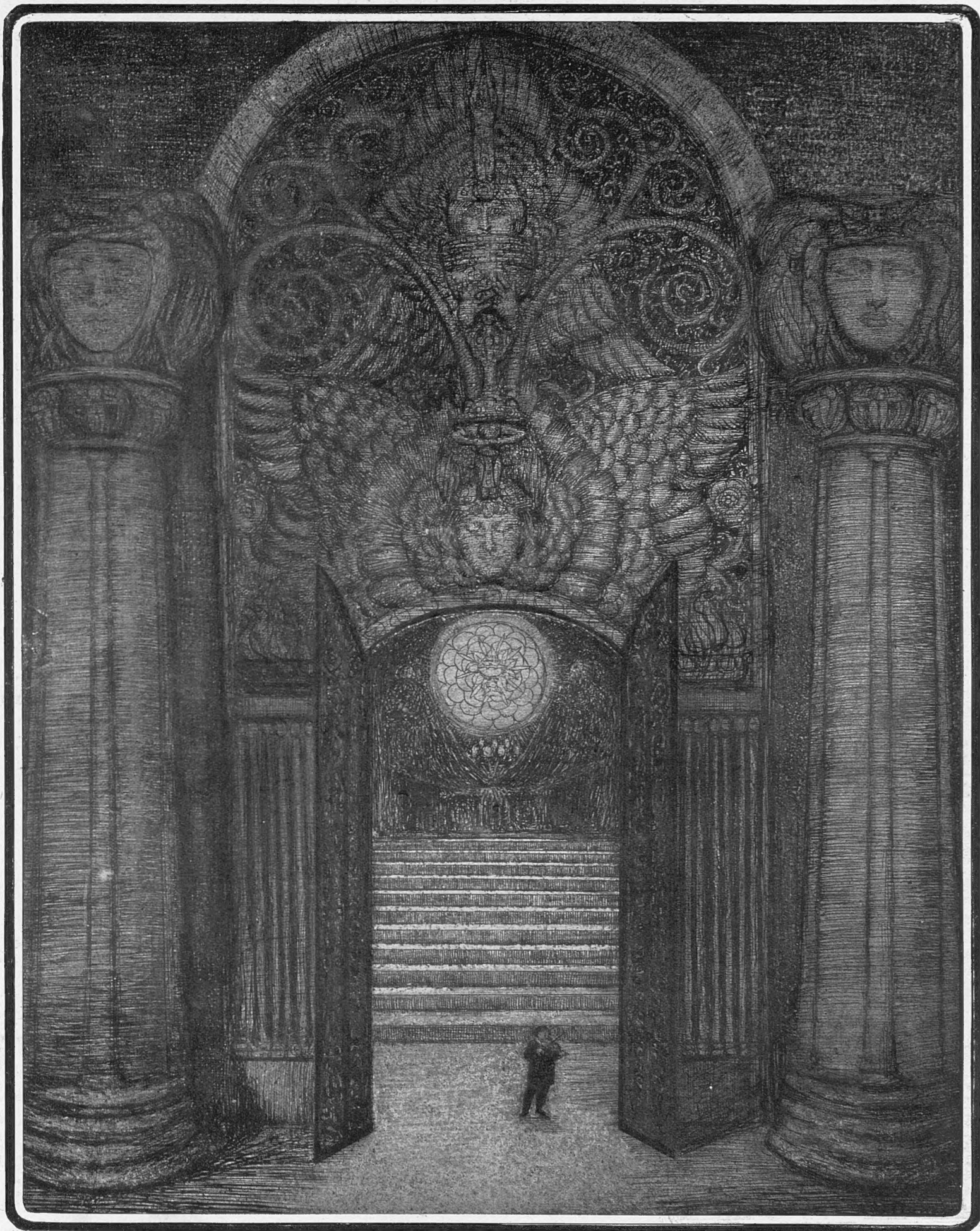
At His Majesty's, Mr. Beecham has followed up his production of "Tales of Hoffmann" with a fine performance of "Hansel and Gretel." The great thing is the orchestra, of course; indeed, there are moments when one feels sorry that it is considered necessary that there should be anything else. Particularly is this the case when very material angels on the stage attempt to rise to the heights of the magnificent prayer-music which ends the second act; but in opera these things must be so, though I think it might be possible to make the whole scene a little more ethereal. Mr. Harry Dearth sang finely the music of Peter, and Miss Ruth Vincent was a quite admirable Gretel; Miss Muriel Terry was an excellent Hänsel, and the other parts were competently filled.



THE LOVING LOOK: MISS MABEL SEALBY AND MR. LAURI DE FRECE IN "THE BALKAN PRINCESS," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



CHOPIN — A FANTASY OF MUSIC.



THE MARCHÉ FUNÈBRE.

The most impressive music at King Edward's funeral (as at Queen Victoria's) was the playing by massed bands of Chopin's famous *Marché Funèbre*, which the composer imagined to represent the fall of raindrops upon his own coffin.

DRAWN BY IDA DAVIES.



# SMALL TALK

**L**ORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL, who was in attendance upon the King of Spain during last week's obsequies, has crowded much experience and many experiences into a brief life. Ten years ago, as he lay awake in his tent on the South African veldt, he thought he heard his father's voice: at that moment, as he afterwards learnt, his father died. Since then sport and soldiering have given place to hard work, as a Liberal peer, in the Lords, and to the duties of a Lord-in-Waiting. Last year, when he was only thirty-seven, he received the Knight-hood of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle.

*Loss and Gain.* For Mrs. Bertram Brooke, the young daughter-in-law of the Rajah of Sarawak, the last few months have been singularly momentous. Immediately after the death of her mother, her father, Sir Walter Palmer, died, and, at the same moment, the birth of a daughter brought much-needed consolation to her house. Since Sir Walter's death, Mrs. Bertram Brooke possesses a personal fortune of over a quarter of a million; and the riches of Sarawak are far beyond those of Reading, for the country, it seems, has only to be gently squeezed to ooze abundance of petrol. Mr. Charles Brooke, the heir to the Principality, is to recoup in England after a long and severe illness in Borneo.

*The House of Tongues.* Even before the London season had been stricken by the death of King Edward, the Duchess of Sutherland, who was his Majesty's close personal friend, had resolved to spend the greater part of the summer in Scotland. Now her intention is strengthened, and she will devote herself to nursing her pet Scottish industries, and also, perhaps, a pet Scottish constituency. It has not, I think, been previously announced that her son, the Marquess of Stafford, is to

stand for Parliament as soon as the opportunity offers. In so doing, he will follow in the footsteps of the Duke of his father, who sat in the Commons for twelve years. Lord Stafford, it is thought, should reside at the House of Tongue, the family seat in Sutherland, as a preparation for Westminster.

## The Winged Book.

When the younger motorists, of whom Lord Caledon and Lord Tollemache may be named, go the pace and pay the resulting fines, nobody is much surprised. But who would suspect Lord Northampton of hurling himself into a police-trap? Certainly not, until the other day, Lord Northampton did so. It is as easy to picture his political master—Gladstone—brought before the magistrates for furious driving. The irony of his Lordship's slip is accentuated by the fact that he has been speaking of the missionary uses of a machine even speedier than the road-motor: in the aeroplane



MISS MARY HARRIMAN.

MISS MARY HARRIMAN AND HER FIANCÉ: TWO UNIQUE SNAPSHOTS.

One of the most important engagements reported from New York recently is that of Miss Mary Harriman, daughter of the late E. H. Harriman, the Railway King, to Charles C. Rumsey, the well-known artist sculptor, who met Miss Harriman under romantic circumstances. Mr. Rumsey, as a surprise for Miss Harriman, secretly prepared a charming portrait bust of the lady, and this gave him the opportunity of proposing.

*Photographs by Fleet Agency.*

he discovers a vehicle that will be dropping Testaments in those remote corners of the world where no missionary has yet penetrated.

## Medmenham Abbey.

Sir William and Lady Holland, who have taken Medmenham Abbey, near Marlow, for three months, must not be discomfited by tales of its impious associations. There are many holy ones to counteract them, and they will add others. Besides, Sir Francis Dashwood and the members of his Hell Fire Club were fond of being thought great blades, and the tales of their doings are exaggerated. There still exists a portrait of Dashwood in a mock-holy garb kneeling before a statue of Venus; but, in spite of such witness, the word of the last surviving member of the fellowship seems to prove that Medmenham was about as innocent as the rowing clubs of the present day.



TO WITCH THE WORLD WITH NOBLE—NOT EXACTLY HORSEMANSHIP: AN EXTRAORDINARY RIDING COSTUME.

The lady created considerable interest in Hyde Park the other morning. She was waiting for her mount at the Marble Arch entrance, but the horse did not appear. The costume, however, was sufficiently remarkable to distinguish the wearer even on foot.—*Photograph by World's Graphic Press.*



MISS HELEN TAFT IN THE MANNER OF ISADORA DUNCAN: THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER IN FANCY COSTUME.

Our photograph depicts a snapshot of Miss Helen Taft, the favourite daughter of President Taft, in the pretty dress she wore recently at a costume pastoral play given at her college at Bryn Moin. Miss Taft is a great favourite with Americans, and bids fair to rival the popularity achieved by Mr. Roosevelt's daughter at the time her father was in office.

*Photograph by Fleet Agency.*



## PETS, PRECIOUS AND PECULIAR.

*Out of the Way  
Favourites.*



AS ROBERT BRUCE KNEW IT:  
THE ACCOMMODATING SPIDER.



SOME of these pets are popularly supposed not to possess the best of characters, but, rightly handled, they make amusing and even charming companions.

RECOGNISING THE HAND THAT  
FEEDS IT: THE FAITHFUL TOAD.



PERCHING  
ON THEIR  
MASTERS:  
FEATHERED FRIENDS OF MAN.

THERE is hardly a living creature that cannot be tamed and made companionable; even the "toad, ugly and venomous," as Shakespeare says, "wears yet a precious jewel in his head," and is worthy of care and affection, which he will repay. He soon comes to know the hand that feeds him, and the same is the case with reputed dangerous spiders.

HUMBLE FRIENDS OF MAN.

*Spider and Toad Photographs by Percy Collins; Birds by Je Sais Tout.*



# "PARASITES," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.



1. THE PARASITES: MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS FLORA BRASIER, AND MR. NORMAN TREVOR AS COMMANDANT MAX GILET.
2. MR. A. E. GEORGE AS JEAN JACQUES ROUGET, THE RICH OLD MAN WHOSE MONEY THE PARASITES WISH TO GET BY WILL; AND MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS THE SUBLIMELY CONFIDENT COLONEL PHILIPPE BRIDAU, WHOSE MISSION IS TO FOIL THE PARASITES.

3. MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS COLONEL PHILIPPE BRIDAU, AND MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS FLORA BRASIER, THE PARASITE-IN-CHIEF.
4. MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS COLONEL BRIDAU.
5. VERY TRUCULENT: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS COLONEL BRIDAU.

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.*



TWO MAIDS ON A LOG (NOT TO MENTION THE DOG).



FAIR FISHERS TAKING HOME THE DAY'S CATCH, ON THE PEND OREILLE RIVER, IN IDAHO.

The two fair anglers after their day's sport are crossing the river on a perilous footway, but they are as unconcerned and as sure-footed as their little dog, who follows behind.

*Photograph by Topical.*



## THE WAKE DREAM: IN THE TRACK OF THE SHIP.



WHAT THE STEERSMAN SAW.

This picture by M. Georges Girardot is one of the sensations of this year's Exhibition of the Société des Artistes Français. It is entitled "Dans le Sillage"—"In the Wake."





A WEDDING AND HONEYMOON IN A MOTOR-CAR IN AMERICA: THE CEREMONY EN ROUTE AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

American brides are now starting on their honeymoon before the actual ceremony has taken place. The parson is carried on board, and on the back seat are the necessary two witnesses. A very few words and a short prayer suffice to tie the knot, and the newly married people escape all the worry and bustle of an elaborate wedding.



# GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

## The Bore Inquisitive.

Whether it is because their fathers married cooks or because they do not possess a vestige of humour I do not profess to be able to say; but there are a large number of men in what is called polite society—we have all met them—who greet one with a brief “how de do,” and proceed to put one through an exhaustive examination of matters that are private and personal. Their favourite question—and mark you, one has been very careful for many years to avoid these people—is, “What are you doing now?” What they want to know is exactly what work one is engaged upon, for whom one is doing it, when it is going to appear, either on the stage or in book form; if on the stage, who is going to act in it; if in book form, who is the publisher, what it is about and why, and wouldn’t it be better if it were about something else; and, finally, how much one is going to make out of it. On the question of one’s income they are keenly anxious for details. They lean over the table at the club when one is lunching and say, “Oh, tell me, what have you made up to now this year? How much does your place in the country cost you, and what is the exact amount that you spend upon yourself annually?” Naturally, one does not answer these questions. One endeavours to be funny and struggles not to be rude.

## The Male Rosa Dartle.

Like many other men who earn a living, more or less off their own bat, I am always being pestered by this unconsciously insolent type of Rosà Dartle questioner. I meet people, whose names I can’t remember, on golf-courses and in tubes, on railway platforms, on Dover-Calais boats, at country houses, at restaurants—in a word, everywhere—who pounce upon me full of a desire to know, you know. It never occurs to them as reasonable that I should regard their searching personal cross-examination as anything else than a desire to be friendly. They do not stop at income and expenditure; they want to know about many other things—such as how much one owes one’s tailor, how much one pays for one’s boots, how many bottles of wine one drinks a week, and, if one ever takes too much, how one recovers from the effects. Nothing is sacred to this type. Usually he is an insufferably uninteresting creature, who has done nothing and is capable of doing nothing. He has a loud, raucous voice, a perpetually open mouth, a bow-window waistcoat, and unpleasant hands, which he lays heavily upon one’s shoulder. One avoids him with strategic cunning for fifty-one weeks in the year, and has

the ill-fortune to be obliged to herd with him the whole of the fifty-second, or some part of it, which is just as bad. He will call one by one’s Christian name without the payment of the proverbial twopence, and dog one about from place to place, piling question upon question. He is hopelessly unable to take a snub and horribly devoid of the very rudiments of good breeding. There is about him also an all-pervading air of a twopenny-ha’penny patronage which is amusing only for a short time. If he sees one reading a letter, he asks who it is from. If he sees one writing a letter, he asks to whom it is being written and what it is about. One of his favourite hobbies is being heavily facetious. He wants to know, and he asks the question with a loud and nerve racking laugh, if one’s wife addresses one as “darling” in her letters.

The Bore in the Train. In the train this creature is at his best and

worst, especially if the carriage is full. Seated in his corner, with the wrong paper on his knees, he leans forward. “Hullo, So-and-So,” says he, “making money?” If you say no, he will immediately go into details as to why you’re not, thus handing you away to all and sundry with a pound of butter. If the train is an express, you are cornered. You must give up smoking and reading, and fall into a well-simulated sleep. Even then he will shout at you, and if you refuse to be roused, he will tell his next-door neighbour who you are, what is your business, and exactly the sort of fool he considers you to be. In a former state, this man must have been a cross between a hippopotamus and a hyena. What he is at present you know, and do not hesitate to say. What you hope he will be in a future state cannot be printed.

Oh for Tar and Feathers! I think that you will agree with me that this man, as an institution, forms a very legitimate growl. Rudeness being absolutely ineffective, what is one to do? If one maintains under the fire of questions a monosyllabic attitude, it is a great strain on the constitution. Being funny brings on grey hairs. It seems that one can only be enigmatical, and this isn’t easy. For the preservation of these creatures there ought to be some society which has an island in some far archipelago, peopled by cannibals, to which these male Rosa Dartles might be sent after having been kidnapped, because they render clubs unbearable, country houses impossible, trains unspeakable, and life unendurable. Civilisation has not progressed very far when such bores as these are allowed to run wild. Oh for the old glad days when tar and feathers were permissible!



A REMINISCENCE OF OLD NILE: THE WATER CARNIVAL AT THE HAGUE IN HONOUR OF PRINCESS JULIANA.

Numerous and gaily decorated boats took part in the water carnival at The Hague in honour of the Princess Juliana’s first birthday. One of the most attractive was an ancient Egyptian boat, with boatmen attired in the costume of the period.

Photograph by Vreedenburgh.

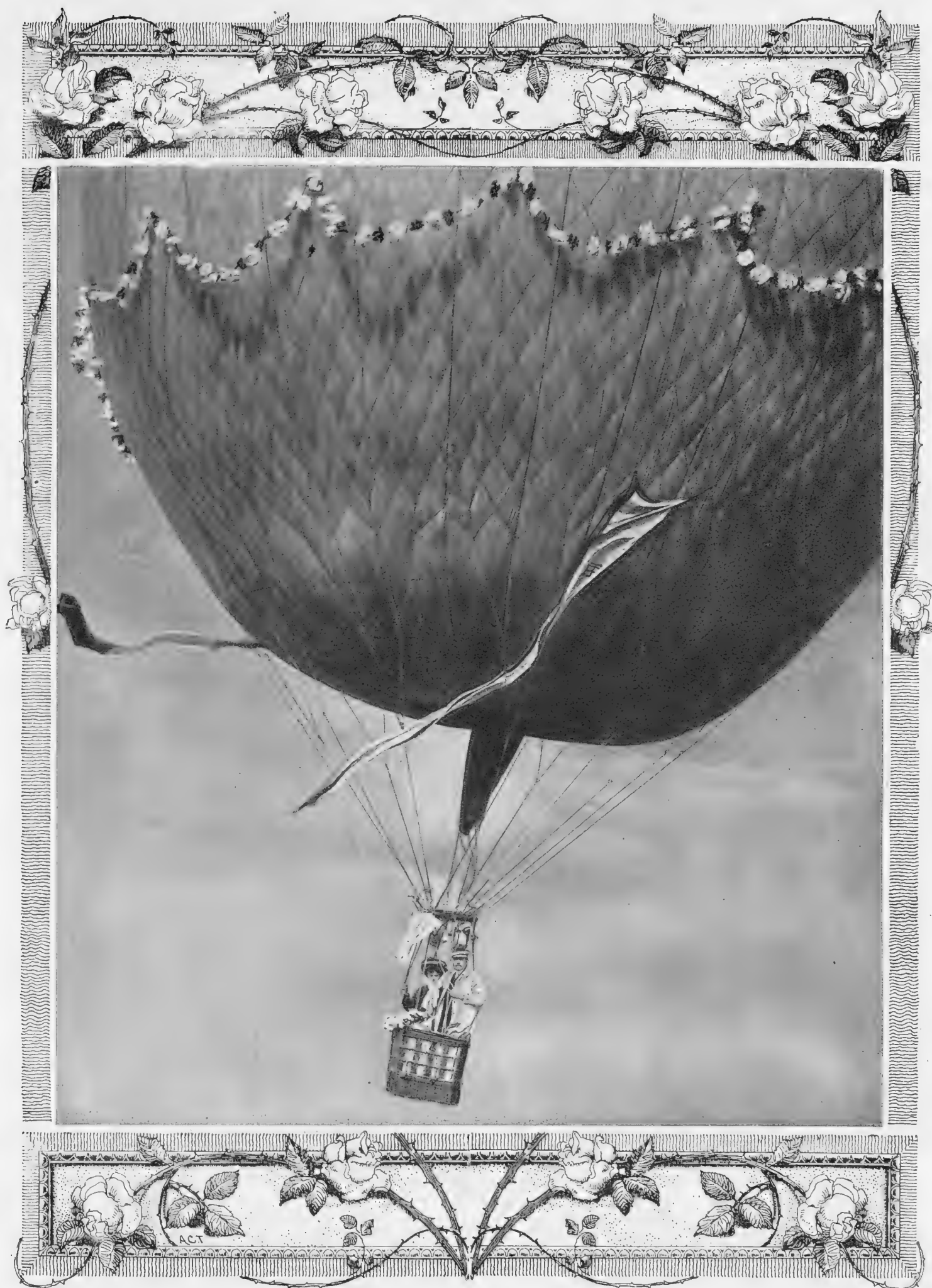


THE EARTH AFLOAT ON THE WATER—AT PRINCESS JULIANA’S BIRTHDAY WATER-FEAST.

The first birthday of the little Princess Juliana, daughter of the Queen of Holland, was celebrated at The Hague by a water carnival. One of the many ornamental craft was a model of the earth, which was in a special framework floating on the water.—[Photograph by Vreedenburgh.]



## A HONEYMOON IN A BALLOON.



## STARTING MARRIED LIFE IN THE CLOUDS.

The other day the Mayor of Roubaix married M. Emery Teirlynck and Mlle. Angèle Quesnois, who immediately departed for an original honeymoon trip. M. Teirlynck is a well-known aeronaut, and he decided that the wedding journey should be strictly in character. Instead of the usual motor, a balloon garlanded with flowers was waiting for the newly wedded couple. Amid the good wishes of their friends they got into the car, and at the command "let go," they soared to the clouds with their happiness. In three hours they alighted at a little village near Arras, and Madame Teirlynck declared that she was enchanted with such an opening to her wedded life, and also with her aeronaut.

# KEYNOTES

THE summer musical season has suffered such a heavy blow by the death of King Edward VII. that it may be doubted whether it will recover. To the full extent that opera and concerts are social functions they are at a discount already, and the sight of a house of entertainment hung with purple draperies or attended by people robed in black is so distinctly depressing that many will prefer to remain at home rather than to seek public entertainment while the period of full mourning is upon the land. Opera is a function that has always derived its social aspect from the direct patronage of royalty. It was no uncommon sight in grand season at Covent Garden to see Queen Alexandra and ladies of the Court in the royal box, King Edward and the Prince of Wales with a few friends in the omnibus box below, and one or two gold-buttoned equerries in a box opposite. The royal box has private rooms adjoining, and is cut off from the rest of the grand tier, the nearest open box being the one rented by the Duke of Fife. King Edward took a great interest in French and Italian opera, and though neither Wagner nor Strauss could have claimed him as a disciple, he was fond of the lighter German music. His reign was the season of some of the most brilliant gala performances that Covent Garden has known. In several of the Continental opera-houses the entrance

of the royal family is the signal for the National Anthem, and for a general disturbance, but King Edward came to and went from the theatre without ceremony of any sort. He was accustomed to sit in the corner farthest away from the stage, and the only acknowledgment of his presence came when he took or left his seat. Then those who were with him stood up, and the public that could not see far into the box understood that he was there.

The great singers and players who come to London every summer, and make more private appearances than public ones, will be hit hard. Some soloists who might be named can command a four-figure fee from the hosts and hostesses of boundless wealth who entertain during the season, and fees up to five hundred guineas for appearance at an evening concert in a private house are by no means uncommon. There are singers and players who give one or two recitals in town every summer, seemingly to remind the social world of their continued existence; a few private engagements are all they require to atone for the worry and the comparatively small success of public ones. Many of the Opera artists secure very valuable private engagements through the Grand Opera Syndicate which makes no small profit by acting as agent in the matter. For the present, all these engagements are at an end; some that were standing have been cancelled, others that were proposed and accepted will not be confirmed. If the plight of the leaders of the musical profession is bad, that of the followers is worse. It will now be more than ever difficult to secure a hearing in the concert-hall, for the inevitable expense will not have a fair prospect of adequate return. Scores—perhaps hundreds—of public dinners will be postponed indefinitely or abandoned, and at most of these half-a-dozen singers or players

would have contributed to the pleasure of the evening. The loss to those who derive a very modest income from assisting at this class of function will be quite serious, the more so because it cannot be retrieved. Many of the functions will be postponed for another season; but the necessities of the struggling musician are urgent and cannot be held over in the same fashion. It is to be feared, too, that the support given to our leading orchestras may be reduced for some little time to come; and in this era of keen competition and a supply that tends ever to be slightly in excess of demand, any loss of patronage must be felt severely. And we must remember that the lack of work for musicians will not be limited to London: in all the great centres of social life and industry the same force is at work.

At Covent Garden and His Majesty's, opera has made a certain amount of progress, though the first-named house alone has succeeded down to the present in fulfilling its programme. In spite of

the difficulties under which the season at Covent Garden laboured at the beginning—the illness of Dr. Richter and the slighter indispositions of several leading singers—the two "Ring" Cycles have been brought to their appointed end; French and Italian opera have been mounted, and will divide the rest of a long season between them. Mme. Tetrazzini's reappearance in "La Traviata" and



A SCENE FROM "TALES OF HOFFMANN," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE—MR. BEECHAM'S OPERA COMIQUE SEASON.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*

"The Barber of Seville" has been entirely successful, and the management is struggling with all its difficulties doubtless happy in the support of a very large subscription. At His Majesty's, Mr. Beecham has only succeeded at the time of writing in producing two operas—"Tales of Hoffmann" and "Hansel and Gretel"; but as each has all the elements of popularity, the unavoidable postponement for a few days of "Shamus O'Brien" has not troubled the general public. It would be hard to find two light operas more attractive than those of Humperdinck and Offenbach, and each has been produced with the greatest care.

If, under existing conditions, Mr. Beecham can find an audience for opera comique, the prospects for future seasons will indeed be favourable. It is clear that he has selected a programme that must appeal on one ground or another to everybody, and in removing all restrictions relating to dress he may have done wisely, for the Metropolis is full of visitors, who do not always conform willingly to the conventions obtaining in London.

Down to the present no great reputation has been made in either of the Opera Houses this year, but the début of M. Franz at Covent Garden was of distinct interest, for he is a singer whose qualities were discovered by a French daily paper through the medium of an open competition. Two new singers of great reputation—M. Riccardo Martin, from Canada, and Signor Zerola, from Milan—are to make their début very shortly; and Mme. Melba is also due at the Royal Opera House. Perhaps in a little while London will recover its normal interest in entertainment, but just now the shock of recent events is too serious, and all music seems to adopt the minor key.

COMMON CHORD



## THE FIRST CIVILIAN TO REVIEW GERMAN TROOPS.

THE KAISER AND MR. ROOSEVELT AT THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES.



KAISER AND ROUGH-RIDER: THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND MR. ROOSEVELT AT THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES.

Mr. Roosevelt has at least one advantage of the Kaiser. He has seen actual war service, and there can be little doubt that the Emperor, who remembers everything, asked the ex-President many illuminating questions about the Battle of San Juan, when Mr. Roosevelt and his "boys" cut their way into the Cuban town and practically decided the Spanish-American war. The Kaiser mentioned that Mr. Roosevelt, is the first civilian who has reviewed German troops, a description which the American Press resented, remembering Mr. Roosevelt's War service. Mr. Roosevelt has just lectured to Berlin University on "the World Movement."—[Photographs by Photochemie G.m.b.H.]

## AT THE "JAP-ANGLO": SCENES IN THE EXHIBITION.



1. GARDENS À LA JAPONAISE: A PICTURESQUE CORNER.

3. A RELIC OF ABORIGINAL JAPAN: A STRAW-THATCHED AINU COTTAGE.

5. A LAKE IN MINIATURE: THE JAPANESE LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

2. AN IDEAL HOME: A PRETTY JAPANESE HOUSE AND GARDEN.

4. THE JAPANESE TASTE FOR ORNAMENTAL WATER: A GARDEN LAKE AND BOAT-HOUSE.

6. A JAPANESE DIVINITY: A HUGE STATUE IN THE ENTRANCE-HALL OF THE EXHIBITION.

One of the most striking effects in the Japanese portion of the Exhibition grounds is the contrast between the European dress of most of the visitors and the Japanese surroundings. The British waitresses attired as Geisha girls are particularly fetching. Japanese gardening is distinctive and peculiar. It is largely symbolic, and consists of an imitation, in miniature, of real landscape, with mountains, rivers, waterfalls, and bridges all arranged in proper scale and with charming effect. Dwarf trees are, of course, a great feature, the Japanese gardener being apparently able to train up a tree in the way it should grow, to whatever height he desires, without spoiling its proportions. The Ainu Village is an interesting exhibit. The hairy Ainus, of whom very few are now left, are survivors of a primitive race which inhabited Japan many centuries ago.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 2, and 6 by Topical; 3 and 4 by the Illustrations Bureau; and 5 by Bolak.]



## AT THE "JAP-ANGLO": SCENES IN THE EXHIBITION.



1. THE ANGLO INSPECTS THE JAP; EUROPEAN CLOTHES IN A JAPANESE GARDEN.
3. THE TEA-GIRL AS GEISHA; BRITISH WAITRESSES IN JAPANESE COSTUME.
5. AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM; A PICTURESQUE JAPANESE TEMPLE.

2. THE GARDEN SYMBOLIC; A JAPANESE HOUSE AND BRIDGE.
4. THE REAL THING; THREE JAPANESE GIRLS IN A JAPANESE GARDEN.
6. IN THE AINU VILLAGE; A HANGING BRIDGE BETWEEN TWO HOUSES BUILT ON SCAFFOLDING.

In spite of the atmosphere of mourning which overhung London at the time when the Japan-British Exhibition was opened, large numbers of visitors were attracted to it, and on Whit Monday especially there was an unusual, if naturally subdued, crowd of visitors. The Japanese authorities had felt some doubt as to the propriety of opening the Exhibition at the time arranged, in view of King Edward's death, and their good feeling in the matter was fully appreciated. But the public in visiting the Exhibition knew that they were acting in accordance with the considerate wishes of King George. The postponement of the opening would have thrown out of work thousands of people, many of them strangers in a strange land.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 6 by Bolak; 2 and 5 by Topical.]

# "TODDLES," NEW STYLE: HAMPERED WOMAN.



## DRESSED TO — BE KILLED.

The arbiters of feminine fashions—those mysterious and tyrannical potentates—must possess a pretty sense of humour, handed down from generations of their predecessors. They seem to take an impish delight in making their devotees uncomfortable and ridiculous. The vogue of the crinoline proved that women will go to any lengths—or widths—in order to be modish. The latest fashion is the exact opposite, for it prescribes a skirt so restricted in its lower portion as to render the unfortunate wearer unable to sit, walk, stoop, or climb—much less run—with any comfort.—

[Continued opposite.]



## HOBBLED WOMAN; BOUND BY THEIR SKIRTS.



## DRESSED TO -- BE KILLED.

—The ladies are reduced to a sort of Chinese toddle, and some of them resemble nothing so much as competitors in a sack race, who, having once fallen down, are unable to get up. Truly, Fashion is a great goddess, and Paris is her prophet. The Parisians appropriately call the wearers of the new skirts "les entravées"—the trammelled ones. In spite of their fetters, however, the fair prisoners still succeed in looking graceful and elegant, although the new skirts conduce rather to Early Victorian flutterings than to the fine free stride of the modern athletic woman.

# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

**K**ING GEORGE, the maker of happy phrases in his own tongue, is not, like his father and like Queen Mary, a linguist. The condolences of the seven Kings were all made to him in English of varying quality, and the Kaiser, of course, spoke the excellent Victorian prose with which he regaled Mr. Roosevelt in Berlin. With King Edward the Emperor William would sometimes drop into German, knowing that the English monarch would hardly be aware of the change from one familiar language to another; but with King George there can be no such freedom. His Majesty has humorously declared himself incapable of learning, in the ultimate sense, the language which one of his predecessors found so much more comfortable than English, and which all, for several reigns, have spoken with a native facility.

## Sargent the Unready.

Mr. Sargent, who came very near making a picture of the late King from the life, came nearer still to making a drawing of him after death. He went with pencils and paper to the death-chamber, and had he been anybody but Mr. Sargent, would have set to work. But he is very sensitive to the difficulties that he can—although he does not himself admit it—overcome more readily than any other artist alive. He found the room at Bucking-

ham Palace too dark, and as it was impossible to have the bed moved nearer the window, he withdrew without having drawn a line. In the case of the portrait he might have painted during King Edward's life, it was likewise an artistic scruple that marred the royal opportunity.

The doubtful distinction of having struck King Edward has not been allowed to rest with Lord Wemyss, who brought his fist down on the late King's hat while



GARTER KING OF ARMS:  
SIR ALFRED SCOTT SCOTT-GATTY,  
C.V.O.—[Photograph by Russell and Son.]

speaking with his well-known fire in the House of Lords. It now appears that a tennis-player once hit him on the chest, and a private in the Army once "clipped" him on the ear. But none of these gentlemen were rewarded for their pains—and the King's. It was otherwise with the rider who rode down King Edward, then Prince of Wales, in the Park. The next day he presented himself at Marlborough House to make his humblest excuses, was received with a handshake, and kept to lunch.

## "Le Brutal Shak-Hands."

The shaking of hands was one of the minor fashions brought in by the late King, and followed by King George, whose grip, however, is more moderate than his father's. What the French writer of a day when travels of discovery to these islands were made by men of adventure and note-books—say, fifty years ago—called "*le brutal shak-hands*" was formerly reserved for a second meeting of acquaintances. But King Edward would take his subjects' hands at all private presentations with a grasp that sometimes meant a

smothered gasp from the gratified stranger. It is scarcely necessary to say that *brutal* does not mean brutal—it only means, in this case, vigorous or energetic.

## Mary, Queen and Artist.

Queen Mary's water-colours are but rarely seen by the public eye, but they fill more than one portfolio in the royal residences, and their quality is well known to many collectors, who would give much to possess an example. "On the Marshes at Snettisham, near the Queen's Bungalow," given only three weeks ago by her Majesty to a charity at Hull, is a charming work; but even more delightful are a series of drawings, quite famous in their way, made in Florence. Queen Mary has never put aside her palette with any finality, and even now it is hoped she will not say good-bye to it as she has done, in the press of affairs, to her music. Sir Paolo Tosti, who was her master and who in old days would accompany her when, a little nervous, she used to sing in the drawing-room at White Lodge, has a high opinion of the musical quality of her voice.

## Wimborne sans Wimborne.

Lady Wimborne has borne the brunt of her son's election case with a courage and zeal sur-

prising even to the friends most familiar with her strength of character. From Lord Wimborne she has had no support, for the simple reason that the news of the petition and the unseating of Captain Guest has not been allowed to penetrate into the sick-room. Lady Wimborne is herself so busy in political affairs, and so large a part is played in them by Lord and Lady Ashby St. Ledgers, and by a cousin even more illustrious from the Party point of view, that it is not generally realised that the head of the family is totally withdrawn from the seat of war.

## The Mourning Squadron.

The Royal Yacht Squadron has suffered the loss of an Admiral and a Librarian within a very short time. King Edward's loss is one that will not be easily made good, but Mr. Montagu Guest's place among the signal-books, codes, and charts has already been taken by the bookish and much-travelled Lord Redesdale. Lord Penrhyn and Lord Anglesey have just been elected members of the Squadron.

**Librarian Holmes.** An official Life of Edward VII. must needs be written, and Sir Richard Holmes must needs write it. The task quite naturally falls into his ready and capable hands, and we now learn that the late King himself named Sir Richard as his biographer. For thirty-six years Librarian at Windsor Castle, he saw during that time as much of King Edward as is necessary for the writer of an official Life to see of his subject. He is steeped in the sort of knowledge that will make his pen, even if it is held by a man of seventy-five, run easily. He was also, needless to say, Queen Victoria's historian.



YORK HERALD:  
MR. G. A. DE LISLE LEE.  
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

## THE KING'S HERALDS.

The first ceremony of a new reign is conducted by the Heralds, with whom rests the duty of proclaiming the new Sovereign in London. The Proclamation of George V. was made by Garter King of Arms. Blumantle Pursuivant with his trumpeters demanded admission to the City at Temple Bar, answered the challenge of the City Marshal, and then returned to his place in the procession. Thereafter the Heralds entered the City, and Sir A. Scott-Gatty proclaimed the King.



BLUMANTLE PURSUIVANT:  
MR. GERALD WOODS WOLLASTON,  
M.V.O.—[Photograph by Russell and Son.]



WINDSOR HERALD:  
MR. W. A. LINDSAY, K.C.  
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



## STANDING FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH: THE SACRED ELEPHANT OF MADURA.



THE SACRED ELEPHANT IN THE TEMPLE OF MADURA. POSING FOR A FRENCH DRAMATIST AND ACADEMICIAN.

In the wonderful temple at Madura, India, the sacred elephant recently posed for M. Brieux, the famous dramatist, and member of the French Academy. The elephant advanced like a shadow from the shadows of the Temple, and begged from his distinguished visitor. Note upon the animal's forehead the sacred sign of the god. While M. Brieux was getting ready his camera he wondered whether the monster would keep still. When the plate was developed it was found that the elephant had been quite good.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## RAPHAEL MACARONI'S MASTERPIECE.

By NINA BALMAINE.

RAPHAEL MACARONI was an artist; he was also hard up. The little studio at the top of Excelsior Mansions, Maida Vale, was seldom visited by a sitter with ulterior motives and a purse. Then the brilliant idea of advertising in the *Morning Boast* occurred to him. He knew one of the numerous ladies who contribute puffs and Society paragraphs to the paper. A really nice little notice appeared one day about Raphael Macaroni, stating, among other things, that he was a genius. So he was, to think of advertising.

Mrs. Saponatius-Smith read the advertisement and the corollary encomium in another column. A vision of the Royal Academy lit up her cunning, small brown eyes. She would have her daughter Hildegard painted by this fashionable artist, and fill her friends in Snobville with envy, malice, and consummate uncharitableness.

The girl had the fashion-plate comeliness, and lack of individuality, common to her class. Her round, pink-and-white face was without intellectual charm and void of any distinguishing feature.

Mrs. Saponatius-Smith was a portly person addicted to cheap perfumes, and had a desire for smart society, in which she did not shine. She told Hildegard of her plan for improving Burlington House. Then they thoroughly overdressed themselves and set out for Maida Vale.

Raphael Macaroni was defying pessimism with a flask of Chianti and a tube of Teutonised meat, when the studio bell rang as if all the readers of the *Morning Boast* were making calls on him. His heart bounded with hope when Mrs. Saponatius-Smith swept in, and, cackling some incoherent apology, settled herself on a chair like a gigantic hen. Hildegard tripped in after her with a confused smile, and bowed timidly in response to the courtly obeisance of Raphael Macaroni.

"You must excuse me," said the elder lady, fighting for breath, "but four flights of stairs take it out of me."

"Ah, yes, I am much delighted," said he, beaming impartially on both.

"I can't bear lifts. I always feel they'll drop me when I'm going up, and I have a horrible sinking sensation when I go down. The men who work them appear to have no nerves; they just press a button here and there, and all the time I feel that there is only a piece of cocoanut matting between me and eternity."

"Oh, mamma!" Hildegard exclaimed in a shocked voice.

"I understand you perfectly, Madam," said Macaroni gallantly. "The lift gives me also sensations as if I have escaped from something. You see?"—and he smiled like a seraph with a new set of teeth.

"That's exactly it, Mr. Macaroni; you put it beautifully."

"Ah, yes, I know," and he gave a picturesque shudder to indicate his dire dread of lifts.

Hildegard whispered to her mother to call him Signor Macaroni.

"I want you to paint my daughter's portrait, Signor. She is my only child."

"It will give me very great pleasure to paint the young lady."

"If it is a good likeness I will give you permission to hang it in the Royal Academy," she said graciously, believing that the subject had more to do with influencing the judges than the ability of the artist.

An Englishman would have enlightened her on the lottery method peculiar to Piccadilly; but Raphael Macaroni was a courtier, and made his visitor feel that she was conferring a priceless favour. "I ought to paint the best picture of my life"; and he bowed to Hildegard, who smiled feebly, and took the compliment as if it had been a caramel.

"When can you begin the portrait?"

"Any time that is convenient to you, Madame."

"What day shall we say, Hildegard?"

"Any day you like, mamma," she replied, languidly inspecting a picture of Poseidon spearing dolphins. The girl congratulated herself on a high-school education, which enabled her to see that the canvas was an allegory of Father Thames, in the years when his pellucid stream kept its sediment in its bed instead of careering on its surface, as at present.

"In what costume do you wish Miss Smith to be painted?"

"Oh, in the latest style of evening dress."

"Ah, yes; that will be charming for me," said Macaroni, with guileless enthusiasm.

"I am coming with her," she said, eyeing him keenly, and adding to nobody in particular, "Evening gowns are rather décolleté just now."

"I shall be so pleased if you will come always, Madame. You shall have tea, coffee, chocolate, or anything you like."

"Is it to be a full-length portrait, mamma? You have not told Signor Macaroni."

"I want Hildegard to pose standing straight up—just as if she could walk out of the frame, you know," she said, laughing heartily, and rising to leave.

"Ah, yes, I understand," and he smiled one of his ecstatic smiles; "but we must keep the young lady in the frame." He led them downstairs, and they went home enraptured.

Hildegard observed to her mother that nothing had been said to Signor Macaroni about the price of the portrait.

A crafty smile trickled down the large face of Mrs. Saponatius-Smith. "I thought of that, my dear. We will wait till we see the painting. It may not be a good portrait. If it isn't, he will have to do it all over again. He will be glad enough to take my price in cash. A young artist ought to be proud to have such a chance of making a name."

"He seems a very nice man, mamma, don't you think so?"

"Yes, I was quite taken with him. I shall enjoy going with you. Of course, I could not let you go there alone."

"No, mamma," the girl replied meekly.

The question of costume gave their faculties considerable exercise and entailed various visits to the large millinery establishments beloved of Suburbia. The result of these expeditions was a gaudy confection that would have made a bird-of-Paradise delirious. If they had condescended to consult Raphael Macaroni, he would, in all probability, have suggested a simple arrangement in black with pearls, or cream with flowers. But Mrs. Saponatius-Smith knew her own class; they would look for something sumptuous and brilliant. Simplicity is synonymous with poverty in Snobville. The main idea in her mind was to insinuate by sartorial magnificence that Hildegard moved in swell society.

Raphael Macaroni felt sorry for the girl when she stood up in his studio in an evening-dress of Cambridge-blue silk with tumultuous efflorescences of translucent gauze across the corsage and on the shoulders. Round her waist she wore a belt of beaten gold, and a diamond tiara sparkled defiantly in her yellow hair.

"Ought she to hold anything in her hands, Signor?"

"Ah, yes; she might have an illuminated missal, perhaps."

Now, Mrs. Saponatius-Smith only knew a missal phonetically as a weapon. "Will a fan do?" she asked hesitatingly, and produced one of ivory and ostrich-plumes.

"That will do very well indeed," and he instructed Hildegard how to hold it.

Macaroni was really a clever painter, and the task before him was extremely easy, for the girl's simple face refuted all psychological problems. The round blue eyes shone with no spiritual light, and the features had no animation.

The mother was regaled with tea and crumpets during the sittings, and kept her mental activities on the alert by reading the smart set gossip in the *Actressocracy World*.

The picture progressed rapidly, and the portrait was rapturously pronounced "a speaking likeness."

"You have not flattered her, as so many painters do."

"Artists must live," he smiled, and added, after looking at Hildegard, "With your daughter it was not necessary."

"He is in love with her," thought the old lady. "That is the worst of these Italians—they are so gone on beauty."

"You are very complimentary," she said to him, and resolved to put their relations on a strictly commercial basis by broaching the subject of fees, when Hildegard went to change her dress. She had never observed the slightest trace of sentiment in that maiden's interviews with Macaroni—"but there, you can't be too careful," she confided to herself between sips of tea.

Like most middle-class girls, Hildegard had no romantic notions about love. It was an orderly, passive sort of passion, associated in her mind with housekeeping and a young man of gentlemanly propensities who had a season ticket to the City. He had not appeared on her horizon yet, but a spinster, old or young, is a creature of absolute convictions, and has invincible faith in her own deductions. What has happened to others will happen to her. She derides the idea of failure, and waits for her predestined partner with a stolid combativeness of persistency that generally meets with its reward, if one may so designate a husband.

"We have not spoken about terms, Signor Macaroni."

"Ah, no, I too had forgotten that, in the pleasure of painting your charming daughter. I have no fear on that score with you," and he bowed and smiled in his courtly foreign way.

Mrs. Saponatius-Smith flushed and fidgeted, for she felt that his politeness would foil her desire to reduce any fee he proposed.

He mistook her emotion, and assisted her to anticipate his price. "I am not a fashionable portrait-painter yet. I cannot claim five thousand guineas," and he laughed.

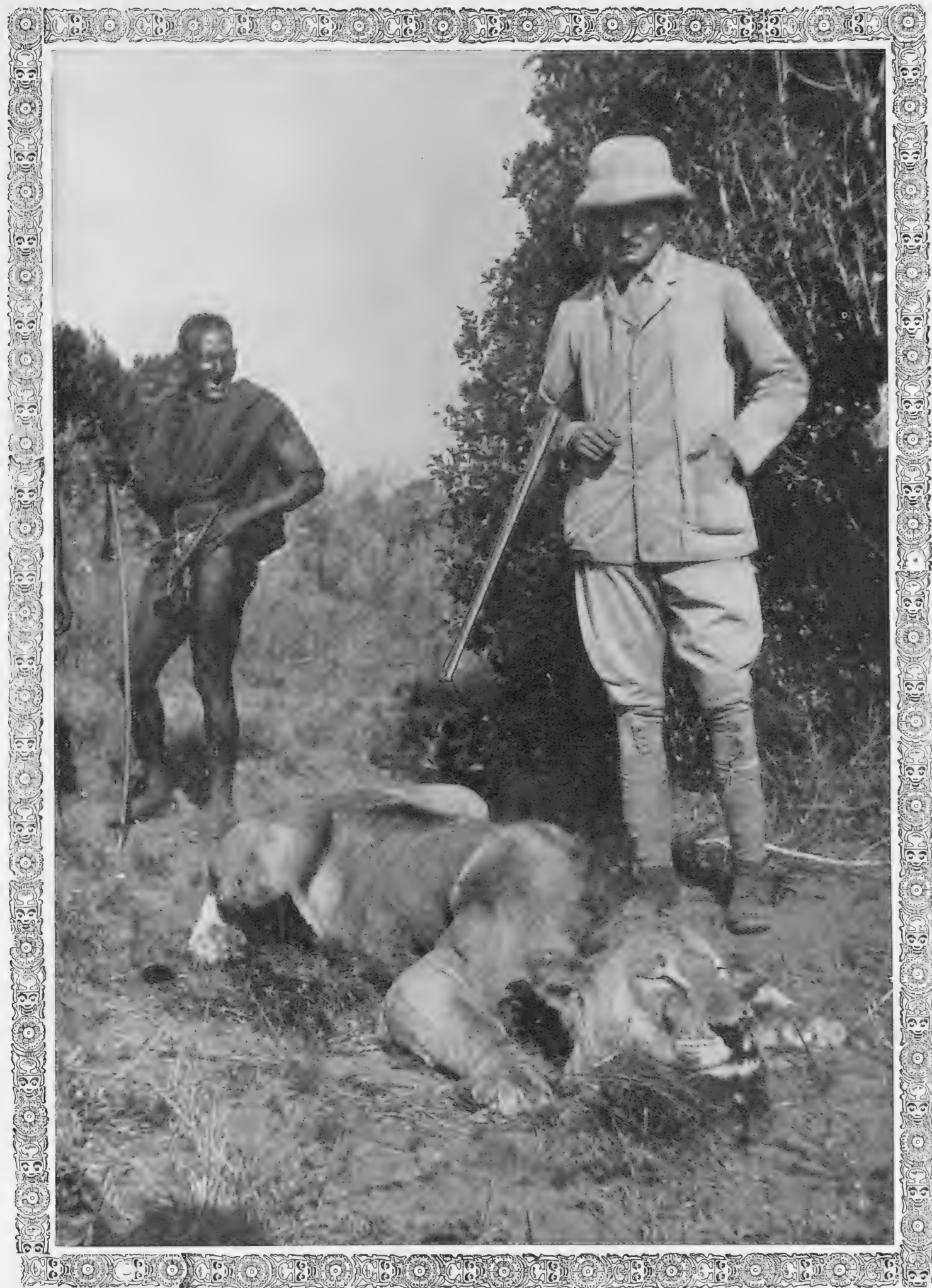
"Good gracious!" she replied, bridling. "Well, they would not get it out of me."

"No?" he said in that musical voice of his.

[Continued overleaf.]



## A ROYAL LION - HUNTER: PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.



A SPLENDID LION SHOT BY PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

Prince Arthur of Connaught has recently had a successful big-game shooting expedition in British East Africa. Many fine trophies fell to his gun, and among these one of the finest was the lion shown in the photograph. As a contrast between the methods of savagery and civilisation, note the native with the bow on the left.

*Photograph by Topical.*

"What is it for?" she asked, with a snort.

"For their genius, Madam," he replied, with a touch of the true artist's pride in his manner.

"Ho, I daresay; but people in the suburbs are not taken in by genius. We don't believe in it, you know, Signor."

"Ah, yes, I have heard that often."

"Well, what is genius?" she asked sharply, resenting something in his tone that approached contempt.

"It cannot be explained; that is its chief charm."

"Humph! I suppose it is only a question of superior brains, after all."

"No, Madame, that is the talent; a man of genius is different: his heart beats in sympathy with his brain. He is what twilight is to the day. You do not know why it comes; it is mysterious, sad, and sometimes profoundly beautiful."

"You artists are much too sentimental," she said with a shake of her feathered and spangled head. In the recesses of her own mind she thought he was run down through want of roast beef and port wine. The ultra-genteel always associate genius with hunger and an uncanny knowledge of the dead languages.

Her style put his sensitive nature on edge, and he said carelessly, "I only charge one-hundred-and-fifty guineas for a portrait."

"Wha—at?" she screamed.

"I am not going to ask you for so much," he said, taking in the situation.

"Oh," she quavered, "what will you charge me?" And she blinked nervously as he mentally calculated her means.

"I will accept one hundred guineas from you, Madame."

"One hundred guineas!" she gasped in amazement.

"Had you no idea of what an artist is entitled to charge for a portrait?" he asked, somewhat nettled.

"I thought twenty, or thirty, or fifty pounds at the outside."

"My dear Madam, the man who would work for such prices could not paint at all."

"I think you ought to have given me some hint of your high charges. I simply won't pay it, Signor."

"If you don't, I shall consider—"

"Now, for goodness' sake, don't put me out of temper; I'm all of a tremble already."

"I am sorry," he replied courteously; "you had better write to me. I, too, do not like scenes. It is a pity we did not have an understanding at first. I fear I am to blame."

"Well, that is kind of you. I will give you fifty guineas, you are so nice."

"No, no," he said, throwing up his hands, "it is useless. I am an artist. I cannot take less."

"I am not going to throw my money away simply because you are an artist," she retorted tartly.

He shrugged his shoulders in a way she took for a menace. "The picture is nearly finished. Miss Smith need not trouble to pose any more."

"It is a nuisance that you are so proud," she said, taking a last look at the portrait, which was a splendid likeness. "Do be sensible, and I'll post a cheque to-night."

"I regret, Madam, that I cannot accept less than the reduced fee I have mentioned."

When they returned home Hildegard was given a graphic account of the affair, and, to her mother's intense mortification, she said she would be ashamed to go to the studio again.

"Why, may I ask?" blustered the mother truculently.

"We have treated him shabbily, and he is a gentleman as well as an artist. Besides, you can well afford it, ma."

"He knows that. I simply won't pay, on principle."

"I can't see any principle in being mean."

"Don't you see that he will give us the portrait in the end? It is of no use to him."

"You commissioned him to paint me, and he naturally expects you to pay his fee. I should like to go and apologise to him. He is the nicest man I ever met."

"Ho, indeed! Well, let me tell you that you are not going there without me."

"No, mamma; of course not," Hildegard replied dutifully.

The old lady was doubly incensed at Macaroni's attempted extortion and her daughter's imputation that she herself had not acted as a lady. "They are in love with each other," she thought; "but I am not going to leave my money to foreigners."

She wrote to Raphael making a final offer of seventy pounds for the portrait. He replied, courteously refusing to discuss the matter on any other basis than the terms he mentioned when he last had the pleasure of seeing her.

Weeks passed swiftly, and the Royal Academy opened its doors for the May exhibition without any communication from Raphael Macaroni. Mrs. Saponatus-Smith saw his name in the *Morning Boast*, but did not understand the jargon in which art-critics write notices of pictures. There was a good deal about light and shade and values, which was less intelligible to her than Chaldean. She determined to go quietly and see his picture for herself. It was plain that it was not a portrait from the title, "April," which conveyed nothing to her mind more poetical than umbrellas.

Now, Hildegard had never seen her mother the worse for wine, and she nearly fell into the ornamental lakelet in the garden when she saw her majestic parent coming up the path swaying like an intoxicated camel. Had she gone mad? She gesticulated ferociously for the girl to come to her, and wildly brandished an open railway time-table.

"Mamma, whatever is the matter?"

"Don't talk to me, Miss. Change your dress at once: Perkins is packing a small bag. I want you to catch the five o'clock express for Parkstone."

"But what for, mamma?" asked the girl, more mystified than ever.

"Don't cross-question me, Miss, but do as you are told. Your uncle will meet you at the station, and you will stay at the Rectory till I have settled matters elsewhere."

The girl was quite bewildered, but of such an obedient disposition that she did as she was bid; and constant attendance on a domineering mother made any change welcome. She smiled blandly to that irate person when the train moved out of the station. This fairly made the old lady's indignation boil over.

"I never thought it was in her," she said to herself as she revengefully watched the steam-dragon coil round a curve and disappear with a sardonic flip of its rocking tail.

A couple of hours later Raphael Macaroni thought he was entertaining a vociferous maniac when Mrs. Saponatus-Smith stormed up his stairs, and invaded the studio with the force of a blizzard.

She carried her umbrella as if it were Excalibur, and exclaimed, "You villain!" Then, just like a woman, she burst into a torrent of tears.

Raphael Macaroni was savage at first, then a mixture of humour and disgust made him silent. She looked so ludicrous, glaring at him through her wet eyes, that he could hardly control his features. He managed, however, to indicate by raising his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders that he was intensely surprised at her sudden eruption.

"If it wasn't for the exposure in the Sunday papers I would put you in prison," she blubbered.

He was dumbfounded, and looked guilty of anything.

"You have been seeing my daughter clandestinely, and now you have disgraced her."

Raphael thrust his long white fingers through his abundant hair and shouted—"Do tell me what it is you think I have done, Madam."

"Think, indeed!" she snorted. "I have had the evidence of my own eyes. My daughter has been here without my knowledge."

"I have not seen Miss Hildegard since she came with you."

"Please don't lie to me, Signor."

"I won't, if you will be good enough to explain what it is you have in your mind."

"Well, I declare! You are as cool as she is; but you won't see her again in a hurry. I packed her off this afternoon to my brother, who is a clergyman in Dorset."

"Ah, that will be nice for Miss Smith; the country is so beautiful in May."

"Look here, Signor Macaroni, I have been to the Royal Academy. Now do you understand how ashamed I feel as a mother? My daughter has been to see you, and, what is worse, she took off her shoes and stockings here."

Raphael Macaroni stared hard at the heavy scarlet face before him, and then burst into peal after peal of laughter.

"You excuse me? I am most sorry to laugh," he jerked out hysterically; and went off again.

"Perhaps there is some mistake," she said, in a mollified tone, "but I must know everything. Be perfectly frank with me, and I'll give you a hundred pounds for the picture called 'April,' and then I'll burn it."

"Burn it, Madame? It is my masterpiece. I have already an offer of double that sum for it."

"What possessed you to paint my daughter as April, of all things?" she inquired testily.

"I thought it a charming idea. Don't you think her dress is very pretty? A plain white muslin fastened with flowers at the neck. Oh, it is lovely!"

"It might be in Italy, but ladies in English suburbs do not have their portraits painted with no boots on."

"My dear Madam, I could not symbolise April in boots!"

"Oh, bother April; that's no excuse!"—and she favoured him with a glance of matronly indignation that sent him into convulsions again till she was forced to smile decorously in sympathy.

"Allow me to explain, Madam," he said, drying his eyes. "You refused to pay me for the portrait. An inspiration came to me. I altered the face slightly, just to make it look sweetly sad; you know. I painted out the blue dress, and got a professional model to pose in a white muslin frock reaching nearly to the ankles. I placed a crown of violets on the head instead of a tiara, and now the picture represents the mystic beauty of spring—"

"I know, I know," she said brusquely, interrupting him; "it is beautiful—all but the bare feet. The people in our set would be horrified if they knew it was my daughter."

"Ah, yes, I have heard that they have rather prudish notions about art."

"I don't know about being prudish," she snapped; "they draw the line at posing for April, anyway."

"It has made my fortune—see," and he produced a book of Press cuttings and several letters containing commissions.

"I will give you the two hundred pounds," she said reluctantly, "and then you can paint shoes and stockings on her and make her look happier."

He smiled and shook his head. "No, Madame, it is already sold to a patron in Italy."

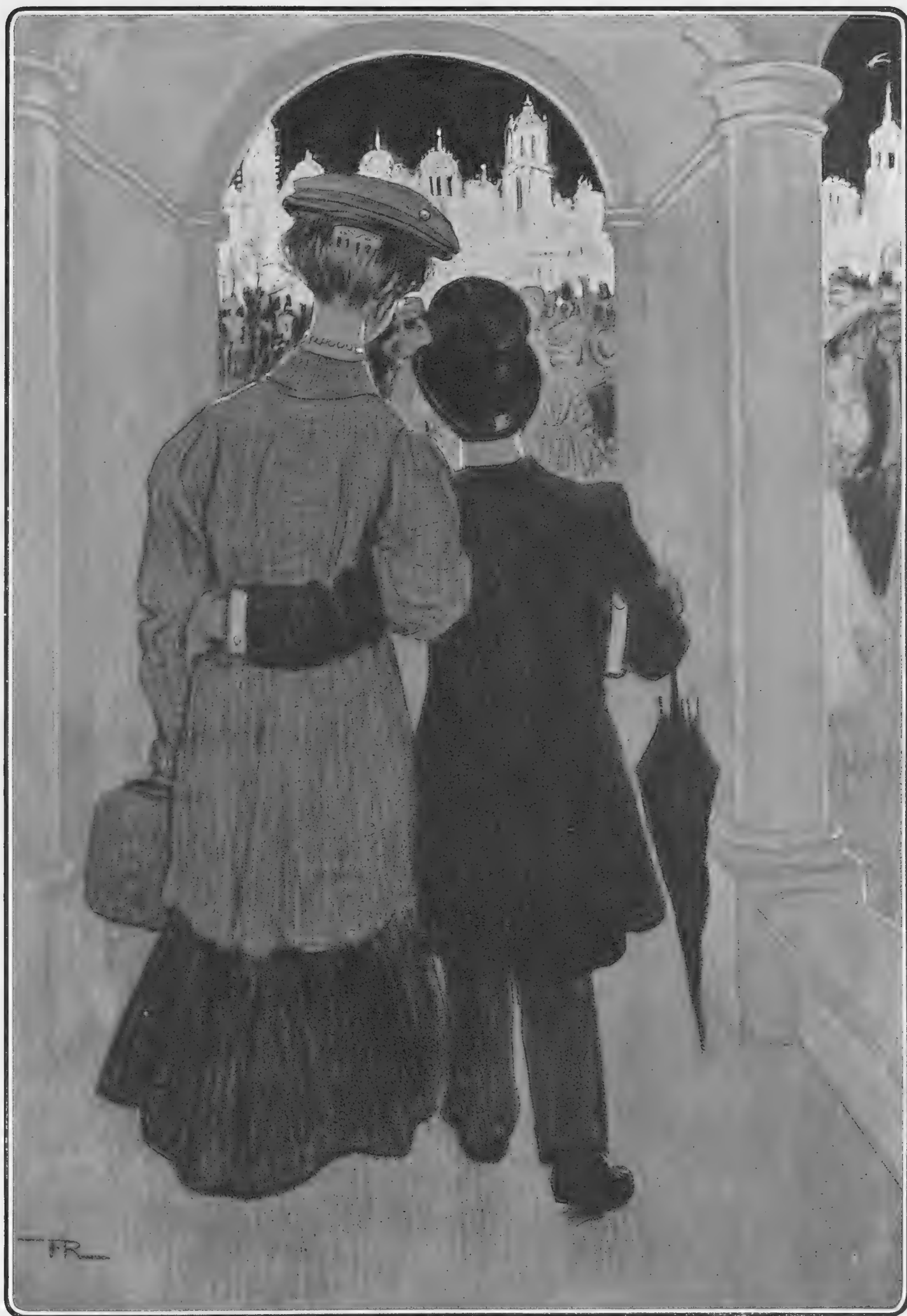
"Thank goodness it is not going to stay in England. I am sorry for misjudging you, Signor."

"Do not mention that, Madame; I shall always have the pleasantest recollections of you and your charming daughter." He saw her into her car, and they parted most amicably.

Then Mrs. Saponatus-Smith drove to the nearest post-office and sent a telegram to Hildegard to come home immediately.



SIDE - SHOW AND OBJECT - LESSON.



ADOLPHUS (*at the White City*): What funny little men these Japs are!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS

TELL ME, WIMPLE MAIDEN, ARE THERE ANY MORE AT HOME  
LIKE YOU?



MISS OLIVE MAY.

FROM BENEATH HER GATHERED WIMPLE  
GLANCING WITH BLACK-BEADED EYES.—TENNYSON.

We need hardly point out that Miss Olive May is a great Gaiety favourite. Recently, during Miss Gertie Millar's absence, she played "Our Miss Gibbs" to the delight of large audiences. She is now seen as Lady Betty.—[Photograph by Bassano]



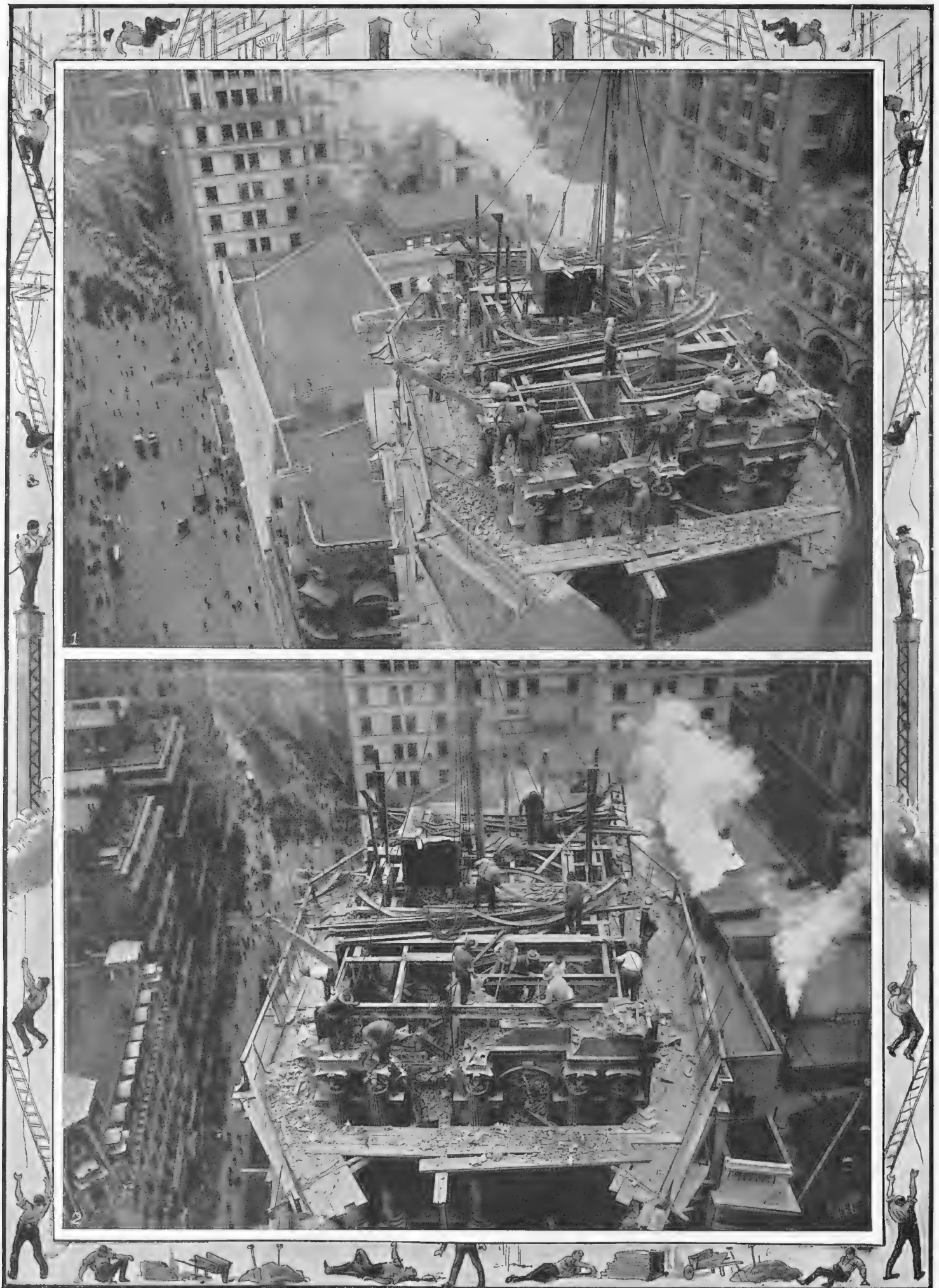
VENUS IN A MERRY WIDOW HAT.



VENUS AND CUPID IN "LE BOIS SACRÉ."

At the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, Rostand's fantasy, "Le Bois Sacré," is being played. It is a delicious travesty of Olympian mythology. Venus is played by Mlle. Louise Derval and Cupid by La Petite Schiffner, who here makes her first appearance on the boards.

21 TALL AMERICAN STOREYS MAKE ROOM FOR TALLER ONES:  
CAUSING A SKY-SCRAPER TO SCRAPE THE GROUND,



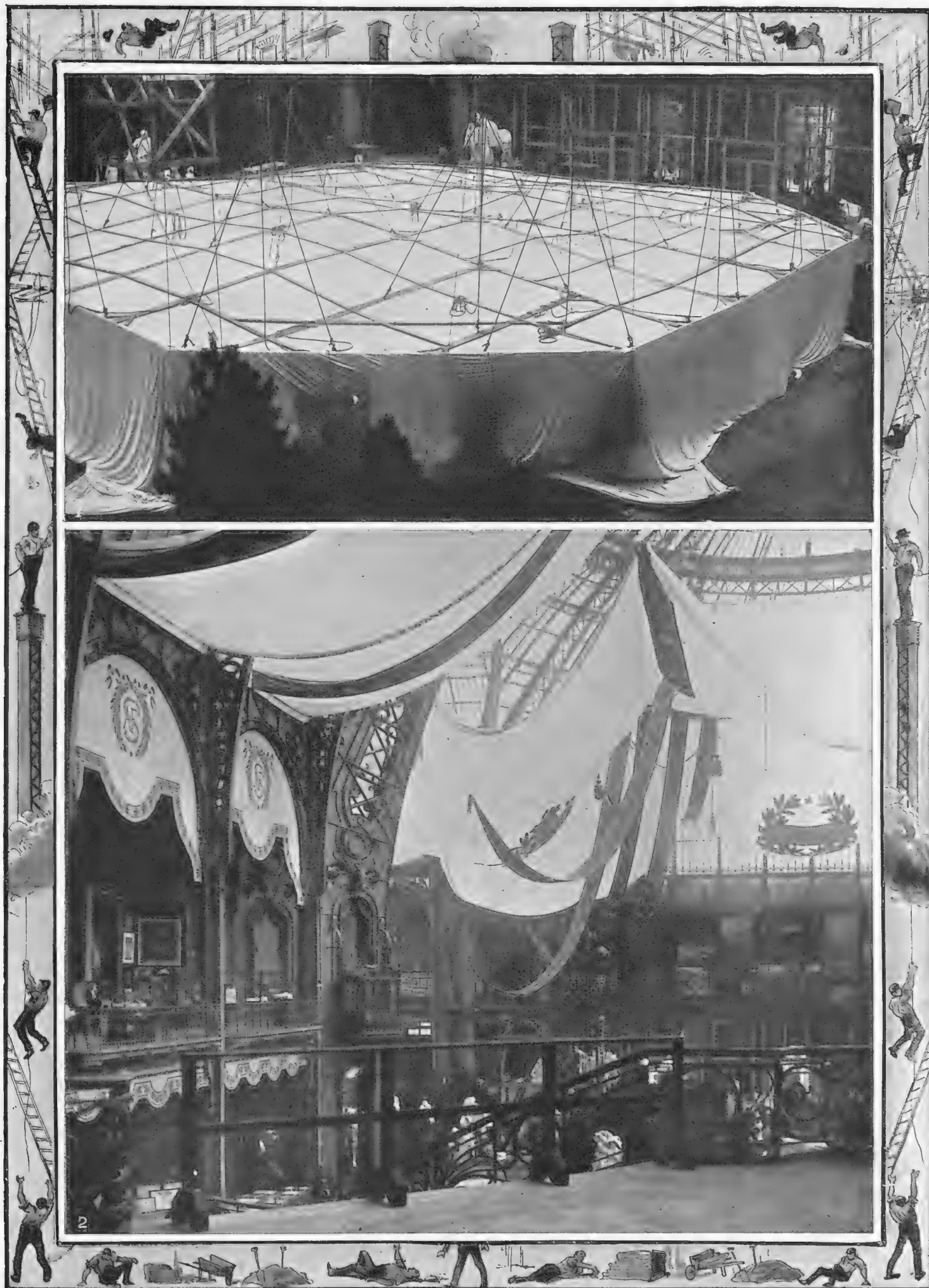
1. TWENTY-ONE STOREYS MAKE ROOM FOR FORTY-TWO, PULLING DOWN THE GILLINGER BUILDING, NEW YORK, TO BUILD ANOTHER TWICE AS HIGH.

2. MAKING FORTY-TWO STOREYS GROW WHERE TWENTY-ONE GREW BEFORE.

The Gillinger Building, between Wall Street and Nassau Street, New York, is not tall enough. Therefore it has to go to make room for a new building of forty-two storeys. Stage by stage it is being demolished, without hindrance to the traffic below. Tiers of scaffolding surround the structure, and the debris is all disposed of within a space scarcely larger than that of the building itself.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]



# DECORATIONS AT ONE HOIST: FESTAL ARRAY FOR THE GRAND PALAIS.



1. READY TO BE RAISED TO THE ROOF, THE DECORATIONS OF THE GRAND PALAIS ON THE GROUND.

2. HOISTED INTO POSITION, THE DECORATION IN PLACE.

The elaborately festooned decorations of the Grand Palais appear to the uninitiated to be the result of much laborious draping in the air, but in reality the whole of the work is done on the ground. By an ingenious arrangement of laths and cords, the festoons, already carefully calculated and prepared, are hoisted to the roof in such a way that they fall into their appointed positions automatically. The first picture shows the whole decoration ready to be hoisted; the second shows the work complete.

*Photographs by L.E.A.*

## CAN YOU BEAT THIS TATTOO?



AN AINU WOMAN "MOUSTACHED" WITH THE AID OF A NEEDLE.

The Ainus, the aboriginals of Japan, some of whom are to be seen at the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition, regard their hair as sacred. For this reason, the men never cut their hair or trim their beards. Amongst the women, it is the custom to tattoo the lips in the manner illustrated.

*Photograph by Holak.*



# THE PERFECT MAN

EVERY fashion and every type of garment worn by men has been affected by the Royal command for National mourning. From prince to peasant the order has been obeyed, and the wearing of black,

or purple or grey has become universal, and even uniforms and liveries have brought themselves into line by the adoption of a band of crêpe on the left arm just above the elbow. The official regulation for this latter feature is that it shall be  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide, and it must be used by every wearer of uniform or Court dress except in the case of the clergy and the legal profession, who wear special Court mourning. Archbishops, bishops and clergy attending Levées and Courts wear a black crêpe scarf, white lawn mourning bands, weepers of the same material on the cassock, and black knee and shoe buckles; but when canonicals are not worn there should only be a band of crêpe,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide, on the left arm above the elbow, and black buckles. At Levées, the members of the legal profession wear over their Court suits a robe of black paramatta, with broad hemmed frills, and ruffles instead of lace bands, weepers on coats, and black shoe and knee buckles. Bands and weepers are always of white lawn, the latter being covers worn on the cuffs of the coat.

At Courts, Judges and King's Counsel wear a black damask tufted gown, instead of paramatta, but with the other details as stated above. No indication of mourning is worn with evening dress, and the white bow necktie is always used, at least such is the Court regulation. Black gloves are only worn when special orders are issued by the Earl Marshal or Lord Chamberlain.

In general wear at the present time the upper ten and the professional classes are wearing suits of black or very dark grey cloth. The style of the coat is largely a matter of taste, but a frock- or morning-coat is the most suitable. The former style is finding most favour with the Cabinet Ministers and the leaders of the Opposition, whose coats are finished with plain stitched edges, lapels faced with bright silk, bright twist buttons on the front; the trousers and vest are made from the same material and finished in harmony. The silk hat, with a deeper mourning band than usual, and a black sailor knot or bow-tie are the usual accessories.

This was the style of mourning dress worn by Lord Morley, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Haldane, and several others of similar rank.

Quite a number of men have worn overcoats of black or very dark grey cloth, made of sufficient length to reach to the calf and so to completely cover the under coat. For instance, the Duke of Connaught has

the left breast, pointed lapels and turn-back cuffs. Prince Arthur of Connaught has worn a black double-breasted frock coat buttoning three and finished with velvet collar and velvet-edged turn-back cuffs. Velvet collars, again, have been a noticeable feature on the overcoats of such men as Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lloyd-George, Lord Crewe, and many others; in the case of the first-mentioned, a crêpe band was also worn on the left sleeve, whilst the last-named, Lord Crewe, had a velvet turn-back cuff. This raises the question as to the suitability of velvet collars on mourning garments, and, inasmuch as it is used for decorative purposes, it is thought by some to be out of place, being suggestive of ornamentation not quite in keeping with the spirit of mourning. Of course, on the other hand, the same argument applied to the double-breasted frock coat would deprive it of its silk facings, and so take away its dressy character, and at the same time involve the making of a garment expressly for the occasion, which would not always be necessary, so that this detail becomes a matter of taste.

Another style of overcoat has also been worn by Mr. Roosevelt on some occasions since he landed in England. It was made of a thin black cloth and faced with bright silk on the edge, but having a cloth collar. Its style may be described as a shapely Chesterfield, finished with cross pockets on the hips. He wore no mourning band on the sleeve of this, but he had a mourning band on his hat five inches deep, which is much wider than has been adopted by the majority of Englishmen, who have considered a two-and-a-half or three-inch band quite sufficient. The cloth band is by no means confined to the silk hat; it is worn on hard felt bowlers, coloured Homburgs, and even straw boaters as an indication of mourning. The most universal article of mourning attire is the black tie, nine men out of ten wearing this in the sailor-knot style. In the matter of gloves some latitude has been exercised, for

whilst black suede gloves are the style that is mostly worn, yet dark shades of grey have been preferred by others; in some cases these have had black twist points on the backs, but more generally they have been stitched with the same colour.

The present season will henceforth see little colour: grey striped trousers and suits will displace all other shades for town wear, and although, no doubt, the sportsman will still select his heather and green mixtures, yet even he will tone these down by a mourning band



DRESSED TO DECEIVE THE DUCKS: A RUSH-COVERED SPORTSMAN IN THE AMUR VALLEY.

Duck-hunters in the Amur valley have an ingenious way of disguising themselves in order to get near the game. They cover the whole body with a dress of rushes, thus making themselves look like a part of the landscape. The Amur is a great river of Asia which flows into the Tartar Strait near the island of Sakhalin. —[Photograph by Bolak.]



ROWING ON DRY LAND: THE COLUMBIA PRACTICE SQUAD TRAINING.

Enthusiastic undergraduates at Cambridge, instead of burning the midnight oil with the Greek lexicon, have been known to employ their "Liddell and Scott" as a seat whereon to practise the movements of rowing. This plan of rowing on dry land has in America been reduced to a scientific system, as shown in our photograph. —[Photograph by Bain.]

appeared lately in a Chesterfield of very dark grey cloth, finished with a collar of the same material, an outside pocket on

on the left sleeve, so as to bring it into line with the clothing of the rest of society.



By HENRY LEACH.

### The Amateur Championship.

The great event of the amateur season, so far as competitions are concerned, is at hand, for at the end of this week the amateur championship meeting will really have begun with the annual international match between England and Scotland, although the championship tournament itself will not be started until Monday. But even by now many of the leading players will be at Hoylake tuning up their game and getting used to the alterations in the course which have been made since last a leading event was played upon it. Circumstances have combined to bring it about that there has been rather less talk in advance about the championship this year than is generally the case; but it may be taken for certain that the event will not be less interesting than before, and that the week at the famous Cheshire headquarters of the game, the home of the Royal Liverpool Club, will not be less well attended or enjoyed. Indeed, the contrary will surely be the case, for whenever there is a championship at Hoylake, the thing goes through in the most splendid style, this being in a large measure due to the organising skill displayed by the secretary of the club, Mr. Harold Janion, and the general feeling of comfort and convenience that is cultivated by the club on behalf of its visitors. Previously on this page I have described some of the features of the course, and the disasters that have happened at some of its holes in championships, notably at that wicked piece of goods that goes by the name of the Briars, being the sixth hole, where the finalists in the very last amateur championship that was held there effected a historic half in nine! The course is a little longer and a little more bespattered with bunkers than it was then; but the two men who get into the final this time, whosoever they may be, are not likely to find the conditions any more trying than did Mr. "Jimmy" Robb and poor Mr. Lingen, who did not live long enough after becoming the runner-up to improve upon his distinction.

### On Spotting the Winner.

And who will those finalists be, and who the new champion? These are questions which no prudent man who values his reputation as a judge of golf will attempt to answer. I noticed that the other day a newspaper critic, in considering the situation, said that it seemed to lie between Mr. Maxwell, the reigning amateur champion, and the man who was runner-up to him last year, Captain Cecil Hutchison; and that, failing them, an outsider might win! This is the simple and cautious way of forecasting, and is only inferior to the other system by which

you come to the conclusion that the winner will be found among the list of competitors. For my own part, five years ago, when I was setting forth to the amateur championship meeting at Prestwick, a man asked me whom he should back, as he wanted to put five shillings on somebody; and, in a thoughtless kind of way, I told him with simulated seriousness that a young player hardly ever heard of up to then, young Gordon Barry, was just about dead certain to win—which, of course, he wasn't. He was about a fifty-to-one chance, but he won, and then I retired on my laurels as a golfing tipster so far as the amateur championship is concerned. The truth is that in these days, with so many golfers almost on a level of merit, and with luck—the luck of the draw, the luck of the putts, and so forth—being what it is, it is almost anybody's championship from beginning to end. Favourites seldom win, although Mr. Maxwell won as a favourite last year.

### Players with Prospects.

The man whom he beat in the final, Captain Hutchison, has been going great guns lately, and is taking his game so very seriously in these times that, barring accidents, he is sure to do well. There are good reports, also, about the game that is being played by several other of the notables, and we are not to forget that Hoylake is the home of the great Mr. John Ball, who, despite the fact that he has won the championship six times—being four more than anyone else—is quite equal to winning it a seventh. And there is Mr. John Graham, who is also at home at Hoylake, and is one of the finest amateur golfers who have ever handled a club; but he has been so consistently disappointing in the amateur championship that his friends despair of him now. It is really more likely than anything else that a comparatively unknown man, one who has not been in the final before, will win this time, simply because these "unknowns" are in a great majority, and the competition is so very open. Such an "outsider" has won three times in the last six years, and it is really wonderful that members of the old brigade win nowadays as often as they do. As the Scots had the final to themselves last year, we would rather like to see two Englishmen left in on the last day at Hoylake, just as we had them at Sandwich in 1908, and—O memorable achievement!—at St. Andrews the year before. But still, though some do say that Scottish amateur golf is so much better than the English, we have most of the honours in connection with this tournament, for we have won it thirteen times to the nine of the Scots and the one of the Americans. No Irish or Welsh player has ever succeeded.



STUDY OF A GOLFER WATCHING THE RESULT OF A MIGHTY DRIVE—  
THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE COURSE TAKEN BY THE BALL.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## A Tyre Book to Get.

No company producing tyres surpasses the Michelin people in the care and consideration they extend to the preparation of their tyre literature. What are termed the "Michelin Fridays," which appear week by week in *The Autocar*, are as remarkable for their interest and style as they are for the sound instruction they impart. The same practised hand and thoroughness is noticeable in the last issue of their Instruction Book, which will be found most useful, inasmuch as it contains the most up-to-date directions in the easiest methods of tyre fitting, detachment, and repair, as well as an Inflation Table, and the names and addresses of firms who stock Michelin Tyres. Therein also will be found a most comprehensive description of the method of fitting and detaching tyres when that excellent and low-priced accessory the Michelin Detachable Rim is used. Also Messrs. Michelin and Co. have issued a description of the Michelin Bolt Valve, which sweeps away the exasperating and devastating security bolt, and enables cover and tube to be fitted or detached together by the aid of the two simple Elbow and Spur levers.

## The After duty of the Maker.

It will, I think, be freely admitted that the duty of the motor-car manufacturer as to his public is not entirely completed when he hands over the car or the chassis in exchange for a cheque. With the big makers personal instruction is not possible; indeed, no motoring novice should serve his driving apprenticeship on his own car, if he would not lay up for himself a store of trouble in the immediate future. There are motor schools and to spare where he can acquire all the knowledge desirable and required. But wherein the maker can serve him right well is in the issue of clearly written and illustrated instructions as to the care of their particular cars. No firm has recognised this more completely than the Clement-Talbot Co., Ltd., of Barlby Road, N. Kensington, the makers of the ever victorious Talbots. Now in addition to an instruction book they issue large-sized chassis diagrams, side and plan views mounted on stiff card, and varnished, with all the lubricators and lubricating orifices clearly shown, accompanied by notes as to the character and frequency of the lubricant to be supplied in each case. No present or prospective owner of a Talbot car should be without this Lubrication chart.

## London Should Follow New York.

All road users, except those who offend, will assuredly pray that whatever authority here has the power will follow the example of the Board of Health of New York City, who by an amendment to the smoke ordinance section of the sanitary code has adopted a measure rendering it unlawful for automobiles to emit smoke while on the City streets. Bravo New York! Would that London, where to-day the main thoroughfares reek with a nauseous blue haze, could follow in this connection. But for an absurd interpolation in the L.G.B. regulations with regard to smoking for a temporary cause, the offence would be punishable to-day in this city. This absurd exception provides the route for the proverbial coach and four, and no steps

are taken, though motor cabs and motor omnibuses, and, with shame be it said, private cars, pour through our streets leaving clouds upon clouds of pungent, evil-smelling smoke behind. Now, as this is absolutely preventable, it is unpardonable, and should not be permitted. Faulty, thoughtless design or careless driving are alone responsible for it, and that it can be avoided, and made impossible, even if the driver is careless, is patently obvious from the fact that of all the hundreds upon hundreds of Napier cabs on the London streets to-day none are even seen to be guilty of a smoky exhaust.

## White's School at Park Royal. Afternoon Flying.

Park Royal, which failed so lamentably as the annual venue of the Royal Agricultural Show, may shortly leap into fame as a centre of Aviation. Mr. Claude Grahame-White has, I understand, rented Park Royal as an Aviation Ground, where not only will the young idea be taught to fly, but aeroplanes of all types built and tested. Although the area available there does not compare with the huge extent of such grounds as Mourmelon and other French sites, Mr. White considers that he has space enough for the system of teaching he intends to adopt. In lieu of planting the novice on a school machine and letting him make long runs on the ground with occasional hops into the air when he has pluck to take them, Mr. White will take his pupil up with him, right off the ground at once, and commence tuition *en plein air*. Also Wednesday and Saturday afternoons will be devoted to exhibition flying, the public being admitted to an enclosure wherein afternoon tea will be obtainable. Then the Master, his instructors, and his advanced pupils will fly for the delectation of the multitude. Mr. Grahame-White is down to fly at the opening of the Ranelagh Club.

Sorry! By an error in the description of an illustration which appeared lately in that most readable journal "Flight," I credited

Mr. Stuart Ogilvie, the well known dramatist, with the flying deeds of Mr. Alec Ogilvie, who makes frequent flights over the sands at Camber on his British-built Wright machine. I must apologise to both gentlemen, and although Mr. Stuart Ogilvie may not be an aviator at the moment, yet I am sure he is the stuff of which all good aviators are made, and his flying moments are yet to come.

## London to Edinburgh

If insufficient entries are at the bottom of the relinquishment of the Scottish Trial, support of a glorious nature appears to have been found by the Motor Cycling Club for the London to Edinburgh run for the M.C.C. Challenge Cup. The twenty-three cars entered were as follows:—  
25 HP. Deary, 12 HP. Rover, 10 HP. Cadillac, 8-12 HP. F.N., 20 HP. Rover, 8 HP. Renault, 15 HP. Minerva, 12-14 HP. Calthorpe, 10-12 HP. Swift, 10-12 HP. Darracq, 10 HP. Albruna, 8 HP. Rover, 12 HP. Metallurgique, 15 HP. Panhard, 7-9 HP. Singer, 8 HP. De Dion, 12 HP. Vulcan, 12 HP. Humber, 20 HP. Brown, 10 HP. Delage, 8-10 HP. Phoenix, 12-18 HP. Riley, and 12-14 HP. Sunbeam.



NO MORE FATAL FLYING: THE SAFETY PARACHUTE AS IT IS WORN.

Messrs. Grimmer and Mayor have invented an aviator's dress which is warranted to render fatal accidents impossible. It is a modification of the parachute, and is worn over the head of the flying man. For its action see the next picture.



NO MORE FATAL FLYING: THE SAFETY PARACHUTE OPEN FOR USE.

The parachute is attached to a stout belt by chains. At the moment of the fall it opens and the aviator comes gracefully to the ground—provided he is not entangled in the wreck of his machine.—[Photographs by Trampus.]

# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**The Big Match.** Every other racing man one meets is firmly convinced that this year's Derby will resolve itself into a match between Neil Gow and Lemberg, and it is hardly possible to get anyone to believe that anything else in the race has a ghost of a chance. If one refers to the case of Jeddah, of Signorinetta, or of Orby, one is told that this time the case is different. 'Pon my word, I am beginning to think what the majority says is very nearly right. Indeed, I am prepared to say that if Neil Gow gets off all right it will be a one-horse race, for if I am not sadly out in my judgment, Lord Rosebery's colt is a stayer of the first water, and will last out the mile and a half with ease. The same argument might even apply to Lemberg or it might not. Anyway I have held to the opinion as to Neil Gow's stoutness since seeing him win races at Goodwood and Kempton as a two-year-old, after having been badly left at the start. Nothing but stoutness would have got him home under such terrible difficulties, and now that he is taming down and becoming tractable under the gate, I really do not intend to look beyond him for the probable winner of this year's Derby. Some people argue, and with a degree of truth, that Maher's average is not so good on the Epsom course as elsewhere, but it must not be forgotten that while Maher has on occasion failed on the straight track, he has been highly successful when riding on the Derby course.

**Goodwood.** I am afraid the Goodwood Meeting will suffer more than any other, by the death of King Edward VII. Of course, there will be no house-party this year, and, as a result, many of the Society people will not attend the fixture, which is set to start on July 25. I walked over the course the other day, and found it in beautiful order. The country round looks very nice, and I should say the corn prospects were of the best in the neighbourhood. The entries for the forthcoming meeting are good, and the Stewards' Cup will, as usual, be sure to attract a big field. The Duke of Richmond often goes up the hill to have a look at the stands and racecourse, and he is always anxious to have anything done that will promote the comfort of visitors. I am still hoping that the half-crown ring will be remodelled and brought right out to the rails. This might easily be done, and if a covered stand were built, so much the better. I think the meeting would gain a lot if the railway company could be induced to run more cheap trains from London to Singleton. I am certain that a

five-shilling return fare would pay the company well. I am also certain that by adopting this fare for late trains, thousands more would be attracted to the meeting from London. Of course, it would be useless to get the London crowd down until the half-crown ring was made big enough to receive them; but this is a matter that could safely be left to the Duke of Richmond and the able clerk of the course, Mr. Hussey. It must come sooner or later.

**Void Nominations.** It will have been noticed that by the lamented death of King Edward VII. all the nominations made for his racehorses became void, and at a broad guess I should say the entries affected number many hundreds. This, of course, is a serious thing for the race fund, and it is still more

serious to the value of the horses, as without entries animals do not fetch half their proper value at auction. I think the time has arrived when some modification might justly be made in the law relating to void nominations. Why not allow the executors to say whether these should be voided or not? Then the animals could be sold either with or without their engagements at the option of those interested. Under existing conditions many



**MOURNING THE KING OF SPORTSMEN: KING EDWARD'S HORSES OUT FOR EXERCISE AT NEWMARKET WHILE THE ROYAL STANDARD FLEW HALF-MAST HIGH OVER THE STABLES BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.**

It need hardly be said that Mr. Marsh, King Edward's trainer, and his staff at Newmarket mourn the loss of his late Majesty most sincerely. Not only did King Edward's great love for racing appeal to them, but his genial personality and his keen interest in the welfare of his racers endeared him to them. At the time our drawing was made, the Royal Standard was flying at half-mast over the gabled entrance to the stable-yard. King Edward's horses have been trained at Newmarket for the past seventeen years. In the hall of Egerlon House, a special chair was kept for the King. This was in dark-green leather, with the crown and the royal cipher embossed in gilt; and it had a particularly long straight back. When visiting the headquarters of his trainer, his Majesty invariably, of course, made a tour of the stables. This remarkable picture appeared as a double page in "The Illustrated London News" of May 21.—[Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo, R.O.I.]

races could be practically spoiled by the death of a large subscriber; while it is only meet and right that a would-be buyer of any racehorse should be able to purchase his engagements as well. I suggest that, on the death of a racehorse-owner, notice should be given to his executors to decide within a given period whether the engagements made for the deceased's horses should be voided or not. This would at least prevent the horses being sacrificed at auction, and it would in many cases allow the horses to work out their engagements, and thus cause no shortening of the programmes. It would not at law be possible to compel executors to take over the engagements, but they might at least have the chance of doing so.

## RACING TIPS.

At Bath, I fancy Haytor for the Somerset Stakes, and Jet for the Bath Welter. At York, Printer's Pie may win the Flying Dutchman Handicap, and The Spider the Melrose Handicap. For Doncaster, Minley may win the Spring Handicap, Mariotto the Portland Plate, and Glacis the Chesterfield Plate. At Salisbury, Myram should capture the Stewards' Plate, Cabul the Wiltshire Plate, and Accurate the Salisbury Cup. I like Marajax for the Royal Plate at Windsor, and Cató may win the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom.



# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## A Splendid, Purple London.

There is no doubt that London looks more splendid and grandiose in her days of grief than in her hours of rejoicing; and the reason is that purple draperies and laurel garlands are more becoming to so mature a city—a capital of greys and whites—decked and begirt, just now, with tender green, than any crimson and blue, any paper roses, any garish display of the familiar Union Jack which can possibly be combined. Everyone who saw Queen Victoria's funeral was struck with the austere yet imposing aspect of the vast town, whose decorations for the last sad procession had the majesty and sonority of a trumpet-call—the trumpet-call, as it were, of the Angel of Death. So again, when Victoria's illustrious son was borne for the last time along the streets of London he knew so well, and in which he was so beloved and popular a figure, wisely were purple hangings, draperies, carpets, and embroideries used, exclusively, along the line of route. And significant, too, are the freshly budding trees, the symbols of hope, the promise of May. When Queen Victoria was carried, on that bleak January day, to her burial place at Windsor, we were still engaged in a great war, and dark was the outlook. Edward the Peacemaker was borne, with a procession of Emperors and Kings, amid a hushed and mourning populace, on a day of mid-spring whose verdure portends happily for King George and the new reign.

## "The Captains and the Kings depart."

We are far more humble-minded, as a nation, since the time—thirteen years ago—when Rudyard Kipling wrote his famous Recessional, and much water has flowed under the bridges of London since the Diamond Jubilee of Victoria. And one result of this more reasonable attitude of mind, this giving up of our "splendid isolation," is that we are infinitely more liked all over the world, as witness the amazing concourse of Kings at our late Sovereign's funeral. The Edwardian system of *ententes* and alliances ringed Central Europe round with friends of England, and a fair daughter on one Northern throne, two nieces on the Russian and Spanish thrones, and others standing on the steps of thrones, cemented, by domestic ties, those friendships which Edward VII. did so much to create. The "Captains

and the Kings depart," but this time they leave, it is hoped, something more durable than sympathy with our national grief. Yet once more we see the touching solidarity of sorrow; how much more warmly the peoples grasp hands in times of mourning than in times of rejoicing. It is a fact that the funeral wreath is much more a symbol of unity and fraternity than the festal garland. In his political calculations, however, King Edward was essentially a European; in his tastes he was almost a Parisian. King George,

widely-travelled, serious, with a sailor's eye on the Imperial horizon, is confidently expected to devote much of his attention to his Dominions beyond the seas, of which he has a personal knowledge far more extensive than that of any of his predecessors.

## The Vogue of the Children.

King George V. is said to have remarked, when he went to see a famous play for children, and found an audience composed entirely of rapt "grown-ups," that it was curiously selfish of them to have forgotten to bring the little ones. I fancy he will take up some such attitude towards his small subjects. Surrounded at home by a large family of charming children, he and Queen Mary will naturally feel sympathetic to all the young ones growing up around them. Children's parties have always been frequent at Marlborough House, and have set the fashion for entertaining the little people, and that these parties will be dropped now that the young naval cadet, the Duke of Cornwall, is heir to the throne is not to be supposed. Royal garden-parties for little ones and babies would be a picturesque innovation, and would bring the royal children closely into touch with those of their contemporaries with whom they should make friends, and who are likely to influence them in their after lives. Queen Alexandra, too, is notoriously devoted to her grandchildren, so that the very young generation is likely to take an important place in London society during the next few years.

## Reasonableness in Mourning.

The season is non-existent as far as balls, routs, concerts, and other flamboyant entertainments are concerned, but something might reasonably be done for all the young girls who are now about to make their *début*, the boys down from the 'varsities, or spending their "leave" from ships and regiments in town. This year their junketings must be curtailed, but the young people might have, later on, their little dinners and theatre-parties, their restaurant-suppers and steam-launch outings, all the milder forms of amusement which can be indulged in without unseemliness. And this should be done, not only in the interests of the young, rich, and happy, but in those of the toiling millions who, in a city so largely devoted to amusement, dress,

and catering as London, are suddenly left without employment when the town is plunged into mourning for any considerable period. Women, of course, naturally think first of the thousands of dressmakers and seamstresses thrown out of work at such sad times. Their fate is, unfortunately, only too familiar, for all who are concerned with the poor, and the conditions of the wage-market, know what happens when the business of amusement stops suddenly and entirely in a gigantic capital like ours.



A SMART MOURNING COSTUME.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman About-Town" page.)

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**Black Diamonds.** Before the Court was in mourning women, especially fair-haired ones, had discovered the effectiveness of jet as a hair ornament. At the Opera the other night every second lady present wore jet in her hair, either as a *bandeau*, headed combs, or as *aigrettes*. I could not help thinking that after all it compared quite well with white diamonds. There was a sombre effect in the black sparkle, of course, but, it was extremely smart. A lady before me in the stalls, with a quantity of ruddy-tinted fair hair, wore a wreath of jet ivy leaves round her head; quite near was a stately-looking matron whose hair was silver white. In it she had three jet-headed combs, and the contrast was most effective. Then a girl with fair burnished hair, done in a great bunch at the back of a well shaped head, had in it a triple *filet* of cut jet. A dark-haired woman mingled her distinguished looking jet head-dress with paste which just contrasted with her dusky locks enough to throw the ornament up well. In yet another way jet took the place of diamonds most effectively. That was as earrings. A clear-skinned dark-eyed and dark-haired American sat near me with long jet earrings in pink, small, shell-like ears. A tall fair woman not far off had jet earrings so long that they almost touched her shoulders. Yet there was no strain on a pair of well shaped ears. These earrings looked as if they might have been resuscitated from a box of family relics, but they were very smart as mourning for the present occasion.

**Mitigated Mourning Garb.** Now that the great state obsequies are over and the new reign commenced, the depth of complimentary mourning, donned so spontaneously before any order was issued, is mitigated. Black, of course, is worn by everyone, but diamonds and pearls are once more seen at the Opera, filled night after night, as there is no other place where society meets on a large scale, and no other art so solaceful and restful as music. Flowers also are being worn at the moment, chiefly white and mauve orchids. Soon, however, we shall see roses and carnations. The Queen-Mother has herself always worn roses and carnations when she was in mourning.

**Queen Mary and Fashion** Our new Queen dresses very well, and in many ways follows the example of her predecessor. Never in extreme of fashion, she is yet always charmingly and gracefully gowned. Whereas, however, the Queen-Mother has for many years past seldom worn any thing but black, grey, white, and many shades of orchid mauve, Queen Mary is fond of rich colour and of delicate tints. She looks very well in bright emerald-green and in richest amethyst. Her favourite evening gowns are of pale blue and pale rose pink. For day dresses I have often seen her wear, with complete success, soft rose reds and grey blues, and I have seen her in maize hued gowns and in sepia brown. For navy blue, like all Englishwomen, she shows great liking. Her beautiful skin gives her practically *carte blanche* as to what she will wear. The tube-shaped style has never appealed to her Majesty. She has a beautiful figure, and one is grateful that the charming curves and lines of it are not hidden beneath a straight up-and-down tube-like garment, that might really have been modelled from the wives in the ark of one's childhood. Also the Queen has eschewed the skimpy skirts, or the tunics tied in above the ankles, that the smartest of the smart approve so heartily. Like the Queen-Mother, so far as fashion is concerned, her Majesty will choose what she likes of it; unlike the Queen-Mother she is fond of colour, and wears it with conspicuous success.

### The Queen's Fancies.

Queen Mary has quite a good eye for design, and likes good embroideries richly and well executed. Her Majesty was, by the way, in her girlhood herself a skilled embroidress and a good needlewoman. Many a pretty present she surreptitiously embroidered for her father, mother, and brothers. Her dresses are rarely without some fine embroidery on them. As to hats, the Queen never wears great big millinery. Her taste is more for toques. One of her beauties is her hair; it is quite lovely, and always charmingly dressed neatly and smartly, waved and carefully arranged to follow closely, and not spoil, the contour of her head, which she carries regally. As it is her fancy to wear her hair thus neatly and smartly, she wears the type of hat that does not obscure it. The Society for the Protection of Birds were in despair of her when, as Princess of Wales, she declined to promise not to wear ospreys. As a matter of fact, Her Majesty never does wear either ospreys or marabout feathers. As, however, the Queen had taken up the movement, she, being then Princess of Wales, considered it enough to follow her usual line in the matter, without taking active part in the movement. Queen Mary is very tender-hearted, a long way first for humanity, but certainly also for animal and bird life.



THE SMALLEST PEKINGESE: THE WINNER OF THE SILVER CUP.

Ranneymeade Princess Wee Wee, bred and owned by Miss Edith Barry, won the 1st Prize and Silver Cup for the smallest Pekingese. Her weight is 3lbs.

traditions. It is practically certain that, despite this mourning, very real, and very keenly appreciated by us, Anglo-American society will have its season, and that those who have large houses for the coming months of June and July will entertain. There will be no flourish of trumpets, but there will be a good deal going on in a quiet way. After all, that is the true significance of complimentary Court mourning, to go the usual way but to pursue it sombrely. Family mourning is quite a different affair.

### Anglo-American Circles.

Our trans-Atlantic cousins are so much in sympathy with us that their mourning is as deep as our own. Indeed, King Edward was almost as dear to those of them in English society as to us. He appreciated them at their true value, as wonderful leaveners of our British phlegm, as great brighteners of our conventionalities, as averse to dullness, yet almost worshippers of our



A SHANGHAI CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The illustration shows a challenge shield presented by the Municipal Council of Shanghai to be shot for by the Indian Sikh Police, and was supplied by Messrs. Mappin & Webb through their Shanghai agents, Messrs. Kuhn & Co.

### "In a Turkish Garden."

The hero of "In a Turkish Garden," by Anne Baxter Gwynne (Greening & Co.), is essentially a woman's hero, and he may be said to be a direct descendant of that beau ideal of a past youth—John Humphrey, who wooed little Ellen of "The Wide Wide World" with a Bible in one hand, and a large illustrated edition, copiously annotated, of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* in the other. Keith McGregor is of the same family with a delicate dash of Petruchio. He is good-looking, brave, rich, attained the age of 40 without a love-affair and gives generous tips. He is recovering from consumption in the Turkish Garden where he lives in a hut by the house in which Joan Waring has come to stay with her married sister. To separate her from an undesirable lover, Joan has been exiled from her home in the English parsonage, and her gradual enthrallment by the new love, though much has to be lived through and died through before the happy ending, forms the theme of the story. An abduction by brigands and the radiant landscape of eastern Europe are strung like bright-coloured beads on the old thread.

In our Supplement to *The Sketch* of May 11, we gave a photograph of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and we regret to find that the name of the photographer was erroneously given. We now have pleasure in stating that the portrait was reproduced from a photograph by Messrs. W. U. Kirk and Sons, of Cowes.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 8.*

IN consequence of the funeral of our late King, Edward VII., we are obliged to ask the indulgence of our readers for these City Notes, which have to be written earlier than usual, and which, in consequence, cannot be made as topical as we like to keep them; but we doubt not our readers' charity will be extended to us under the sad circumstances.

The week has so far been distinguished by little business, and with the Stock Exchange shut on the day of the funeral, and all business both in London and the provinces at a standstill, it is certain that, except for the Rubber and Oil Special Settlements, brokers, jobbers, and clerks alike will not have a very driving time.

The effect of the late revival of business is making itself felt in the House, for we notice, despite the increased cost of membership, there are 108 new candidates already. It is all very fine for members to complain of being worked to death, but those of us who are old enough to remember the starvation days of 1906 or 1907 will not pity the overworked ones, except, perhaps, the clerks, and even they have been making quite respectable incomes out of overtime.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE LATE KING.

There are many members of the Stock Exchange who have a vivid recollection of the visit which King Edward VII. paid to the House, five-and-twenty years ago, when he was Prince of Wales. But perhaps not so many remember the telegram which was received, addressed to the Chairman of the Stock Exchange, on the afternoon of the same day. There is a mournful interest attaching to the terms of the wire, which, dated from Marlborough House, read—

DEAR SIR,—I am desired by the Prince of Wales to convey, through you, to the members of the Stock Exchange the expression of his very cordial thanks for the loyal and hearty welcome they gave him this morning. The welcome which his Royal Highness met with has never been surpassed, and I am directed to assure you that he derived the highest gratification from his most interesting visit. I beg to remain, etc.

(Signed)

FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

Upon the accession of King Edward to the Throne the House presented an address of respectful sympathy with the King and the Royal Family, and assured him of its unswerving loyalty and devotion. The late King thanked the Stock Exchange through the Home Secretary; and similar messages were exchanged between King George and the Stock Exchange last week. King George himself paid a short visit to the Stock Exchange thirteen years ago, when he was Duke of York.

## THE THRONE AND CONSOLS.

On all sides in the Stock Exchange one hears the confidence of members and the assurance that King George will maintain the standard of his high office in a manner worthy of his illustrious father and grandmother. Were a practical test required of House feeling in the matter, no better answer could be made than to indicate the rise which has occurred in Consols during the past fortnight. Reflecting every agitation in the world of foreign politics, the price of Consols is a barometer from which much may be inferred. From the recent course of the quotation, it is evident that the Stock Exchange trusts King George thoroughly, and has every belief that he will pursue the same paths of policy which earned for his father that proud title of Peacemaker. The new King has already received the official address of respect and homage, but he has a better tribute than this, in the trust which his subjects place in his power to exercise his office with that tact and wisdom for which the Sovereigns of this land have become famous.

## THE OUTLOOK FOR BUSINESS.

Affairs in general, financial, commercial, and domestic, are expected to settle down next week, and the Stock Exchange looks for the resumption of animation when dealing starts for the new account, the Mid-June Settlement. With Tuesday and Wednesday (May 24 and 25) as contango-days, a revival might come about Wednesday; but perhaps the markets, and their clients, might be well-advised not to build a too sanguine hope upon what, after all, is merely expectation. There are, nevertheless, many things favourable to the idea of fresh Stock Exchange activity. Cheaper money ought to help gilt-edged stocks; good traffics, bumper trade, and forthcoming dividends are the bull points in the Home Railway Market. The stoppage of the Rubber boom has done much good to Grand Trunks, Mexican Rails, and South Americans, and a natural sequel would be a spurt in Mining shares.

## UNDERGROUND RAILWAY STOCKS.

The crowds which have thronged the Metropolis this week naturally had to move about a good deal, and the Underground Railways have benefited largely by the increased traffic brought them by the events attendant upon the royal funeral. Districts are particularly active, at rising prices, and Metropolitan Consolidated follow more sedately. The Central London trio has not moved to any material extent, which is rather surprising in view of the excellence of the

new exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. A capital place of entertainment has been provided by the management, and its attractions run those of the Franco-British Exhibition very close. It will have to suffer, without a doubt, on account of the extreme quietude of the coming London season, but its capacity to draw the country cousin as well as the Cockney sightseer is also indubitable. The Central London traffics should begin to respond soon, and as they expand, so will the prices of the stocks. The worst of it is that there is no free market in Central London issues, although this is not a drawback when prices are on the rise. On the contrary, it serves to stimulate the advance.

## ON RUBBER.

Six weeks ago it would have seemed out of the question for the Rubber Market to have died down so quickly to its present modest size. There are, of course, numbers of jobbers remaining—some of them do good business every day; but the excitement, the madness, the champagne of the boom have all evaporated. The time has arrived for taking stock soberly of the position, and one prominent factor is the ease with which the latest batches of Special Settlements have been cleared off. It was fully expected that trouble would be disclosed in several directions upon the settling of certain of the new Companies' shares, but up to the present no serious harm has arisen. There are several important "Specials" in the near distance—Diamantino, for instance—and we are not out of the wood yet. Having got so far, however, it is fair to hope that the remainder of the journey may be compassed in safety, and after the bulk of the Special Settlement work is completed, some even of the lower-priced shares may improve. If we might be so bold as to offer advice, it would be to keep out of rubber for a while, and watch the raw material, until what appears a good opportunity presents itself for buying shares. And then, stick to the good ones only.

## TWO SPECULATIONS.

If you can't live without a speculation in rubber, try the shares of the Anglo-Dutch Plantations of Java, the Company over which there has been all the fuss and trouble, giving the Rubber boom its first severe round-up. The chance that the speculator loves is present in full force in the case of Anglo-Dutch. If the Dutch Government proves implacable, and insists upon having its uttermost pound of flesh, the shares might go—they are of £1 each, with 15s. paid up—to a highly disreputable discount, say 7s. 6d. But that any Government would be so mad as deliberately to act in such a way as would effectually stop foreign capital from coming to develop its resources, is difficult to imagine. Some kind of compromise will probably be reached, and when the settlement of the trouble comes within sight, the price of the shares will be nearer 25s. premium than their present quotation of the five without the twenty.

## UNITED MALAYSIAN.

This is another speculation. The Company came out with the huge nominal capital of two millions sterling, and it was launched at a luckless time—just as the Rubber boom reached its rending point. Looked at a little more closely, the enormous capital appears less awful when it is remembered that the actual issue to the public was comparatively small, that the directors and their friends look big blocks of shares, that the people behind the concern are extremely strong, and that one member of the board is a Vanderbilt. We find it hard to suppose that the good people connected with the United Malaysian would have taken it up had not the Company been a respectable and a hopeful proposition. The price is par to  $\frac{1}{2}$  premium for Special Settlement, and even though the rise may not come to-morrow, or next week, or next month, come it certainly will, sooner or later.

## THE OUTLOOK FOR KAFFIRS.

A good many folk talk as though a rise in Kaffirs can be set down as one of the certainties for June. They point out, fairly enough, that money made in Rubber shares will in time be diverted—unless it happens to get lost in transit—to the Kaffir Circus. The batch of reports from the Randfontein group, the Barnato Companies, the Rand Mines, and the East Rand Proprietary, are on the whole quite good, and after a close study of the various figures for several hours, the careful student of these things will rise with a bad headache, and the feeling that the Randholds millions more in dividends for the proprietors of the best-class shares. The increased dividends next month, which some of the prophets already talk about, may not turn out to be so expansive as the bulls wish, but they are likely to prove sufficiently good to draw public attention to the yields offered by Kaffir shares.

## THE SHARES OF PROMISE.

As in other markets, the Kaffir Circus seems to hold out most inducements to those who will buy the higher-priced shares. Rand Mines, Limited, paid 350 per cent—17s. 6d. per share—for 1909; but of this 7s. 6d. was called "bonus," and the hint conveyed is clear. At the same time, the rise which has taken place in Crown Mines within the last few days is professedly based on the expectation of the dividend being raised; and if that comes to pass, the Rand Mines, which holds a big stake in Crowns, will proportionately benefit. Rand Mines pay about 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the money at

the present price, and a possible reduction of the dividend has to be calculated. East Rand's yield  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the money, and look like continuing their 40 per cent. dividend. The developments are very good and the ore-reserves excellent. Randfontein, with their unknown possibilities, are probably cheap at 50s., regarded as a speculation. On their intrinsic worth, they are probably dear, but merits don't always count in the Stock Exchange.

#### OF MANY THINGS.

The Bleachers' Association, like many of the other great Northern combines, shows a very considerable recovery from the melancholy experience of 1908-9, when the Ordinary shareholders received nothing. This time they get  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., requiring about £103,000, and the carry-forward is more than doubled. The profits appear to have improved by some £127,000.

The amalgamation scheme of the Ashanti Land and the Gold Coast United Companies was successfully carried at the meetings just held, and the capital of the new Company will be £100,000, divided into 1,000,000 shares of 2s. each.

Despite the Oil boom, of which our daily papers are full, the Scotch Oil and Shale concerns complain that the trade side of the business is by no means hopeful, and a movement is on foot to bring about, if not a complete combine, at least a working arrangement. Prices are so cut by the unlimited competition now existing that many of the Scotch concerns complain that they can only work at a loss.

Particulars are now to hand of the scheme for providing further capital for the Kent Collieries, Ltd. A firm offer has been received from underwriters to guarantee £140,000 of new capital, subject to certain concessions being obtained from the Debenture-holders. The total amount of capital to be offered is £300,000 in £1 Preference shares, entitled to a cumulative preferential 10 per cent. dividend and four-fifths of the remaining profits. These will be offered to the existing shareholders. A sales agency is also to be established, which is to make advances up to £15,000 as additional working capital against coal sales. The Kent Collieries, Ltd., is not connected with the numerous other Kent coal concerns, known as the Burr group.

#### "THE RUBBER INVESTOR."

Judging by our Correspondence column, and the talk we overhear in our morning and evening railway-carriage, we imagine that, while the wild gamble in all sorts and conditions of wild-cat Rubber shares is, for the time at least, over, there is still more solid interest in the Rubber Market than in any other branch of the

Stock Exchange; hence we feel justified in drawing attention to our new-born contemporary which appears weekly under the title of the *Rubber Investor*. By chance we learned that it was edited by one of the most brilliant financial writers of the day, and so we bought a copy just to see what our friend, who is not only a charming writer, but a philosopher and the prince of cynics, had to say about Rubber. We found the little paper stuffed as full of good things as an egg is of meat; and we cordially recommend people who enjoy smart journalism, whether interested in Rubber Companies or not, to buy a copy. If they know anything about the City and City people, they will be considerably amused. How the Tanganyika crowd always think in millions; the amount of underwriters who seem to have allotments in "over-subscribed" Companies, and some good-natured chaff of Mr. Salisbury Jones and his Coalite Companies, were among the plums of the copy we read. Our contemporary's advice, "always to buy the best," "not to deal with weak brokers," and "never to buy puffed shares," should be taken to heart by every investor who does not wish to throw his money away. As at present conducted, the *Rubber Investor* is a distinct addition to financial journalism. *Thursday, May 19, 1910.*

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

R. D.—The Company is a good one, but you will have to wait for returns. At present price not over-valued.

C. B. H.—Your letter was answered on the 16th inst.

NEW WORLD.—We expect C.P.R. to go over 200; and see no reason for you to sell.

CON.—It looks as if Iron things were in for a prosperous time, but you should not hold too long.

VALLETTA.—We do not like your Rubber and Oil shares, but the Honduras Bonds might be held as a speculation for better price. "Never buy a puffed share," is a golden rule which you have not observed.

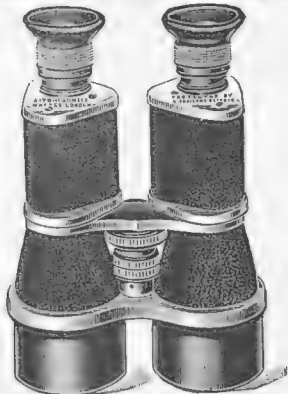
F. B.—(1) We do not like to advise you to cut so heavy a loss; but nothing connected with the Company pleases us or inspires anything but distrust. It will probably be cheaper to sell and face the loss. (2) This Company is a market tip, and we should hold on, but get out when you can without loss. (3) We really do not know.

C. L. S. E.—We know no serious reason, except that the fashion in papers changes, and most people think that papers of the snippy class have had their day. The profits are more than still ample to pay the Preference dividend twice or three times over. We are passing on your compliments to "Q."

A. B.—We do not know any reason, except that West Australians have been out of favour and fashion of late. The ore reserves are not increasing.

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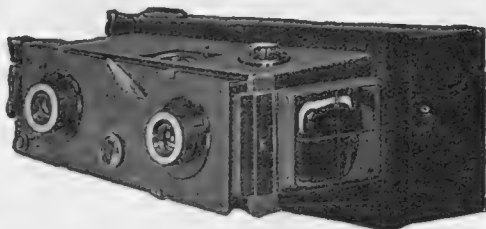
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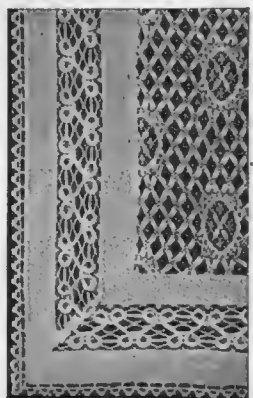
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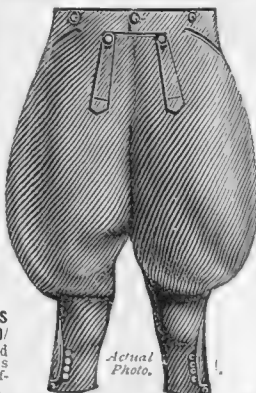
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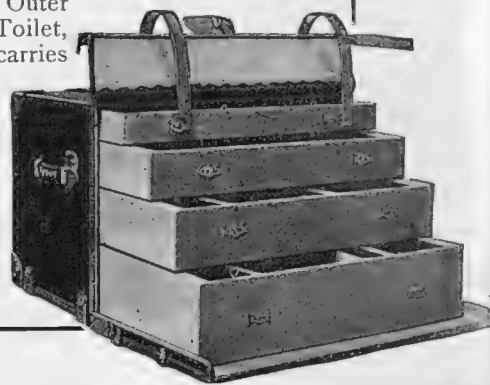
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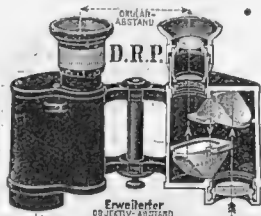


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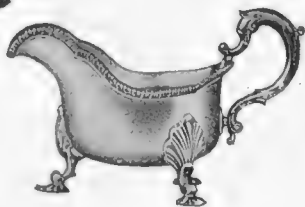
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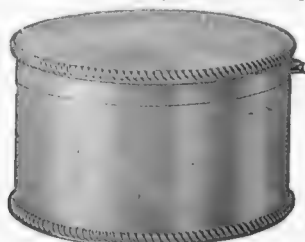
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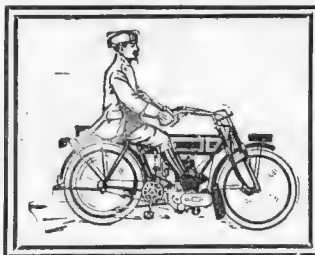
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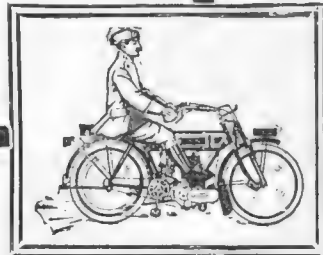
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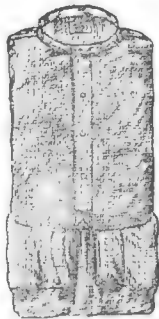
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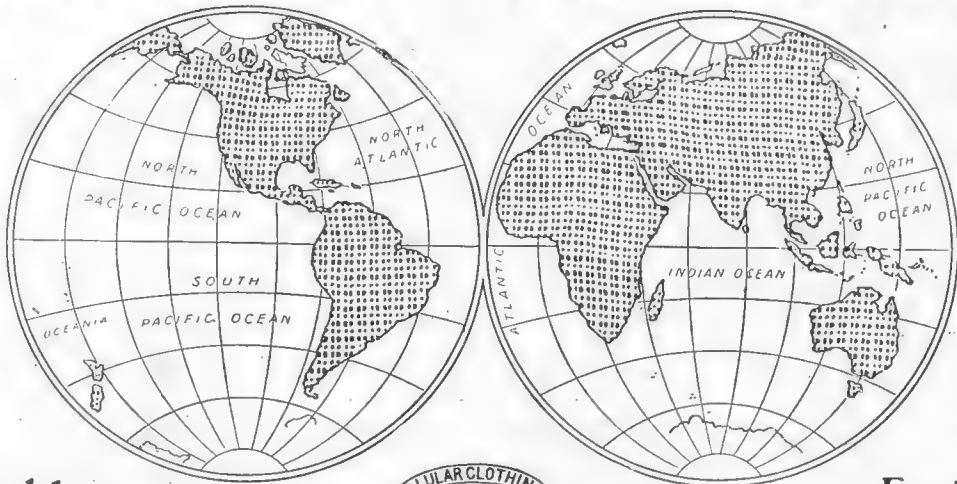
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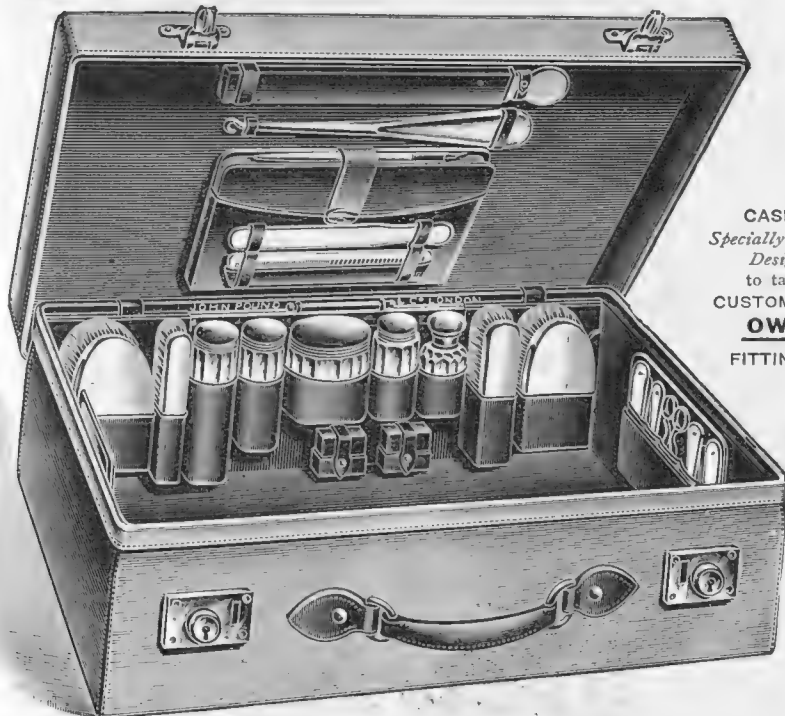
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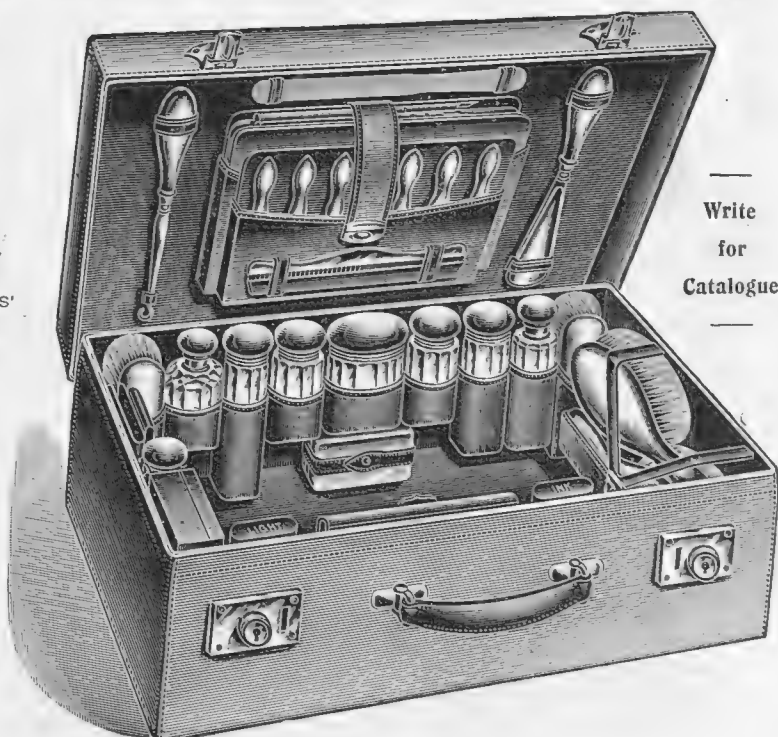
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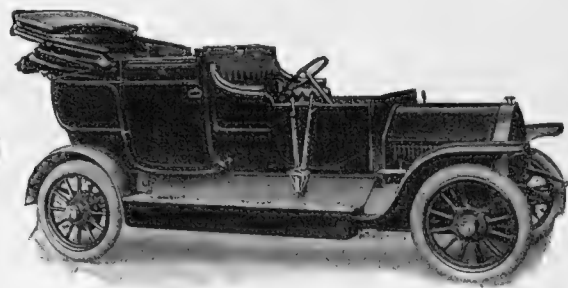
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Della Ellison, who is a rich American woman, seems to be the one whose name shall go down in history as the discoverer of the true secret of beauty. For centuries past women have realised that wrinkles not only made them look much older than they were, but were also the destroyer of their beauty, and with ceaseless efforts they have sought to stay the hand of time, which robbed them of this most valuable charm.

Knowing that the homely woman with deep lines and furrows must fight an unequal battle with her younger and better-looking sister, many resorted to annoying and even dangerous experiments trying to regain their former youthful appearance. This new discovery, however, will do away with all these rash measures, as the treatment is harmless and simple. It is said that aside from banishing wrinkles in from one to three nights it is a great aid to beauty, making the skin soft and velvety and beautifying the complexion. Many who have followed Miss Ellison's advice look from five to twenty years younger, and judging by the number of replies she is receiving daily, people are not slow at taking advantage of her generous offer.

It comes as a surprise that the discovery should be made by a modest little woman in Scranton, when our large cities are full of beauty doctors and specialists who have sought in vain for a treatment that would turn back the clock of time and place the imprint of youth on the fast-fleeting footsteps of age, but far more surprising is the fact that she is to remain where she is.

In speaking of the discovery she said : "Yes, I know there would be many advantages in my going to some of the large cities, but I have made arrangements to give particulars of my treatment free to all who write me, so that the women in every city and town may have the benefits of my discovery."

This statement shows that she is both broad-minded and generous, and all who wish to banish their wrinkles and improve their complexion should write her at once. Her address is :

DELLA ELLISON, 1369, Burr Building, Scranton, Pa., U.S.A.

Just state that you wish particulars of her discovery and she will send them in sealed envelope free of charge. Letters can now be posted to America for One Penny.

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